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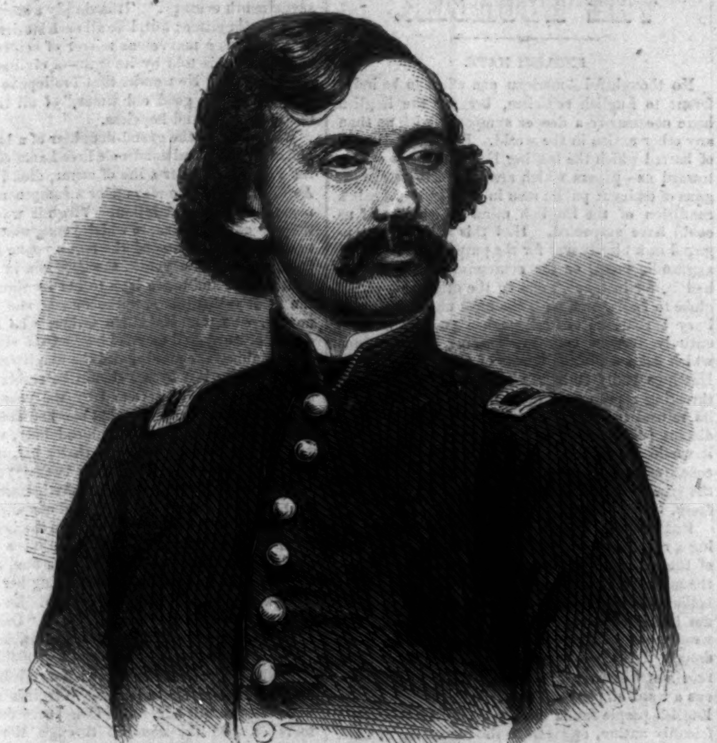
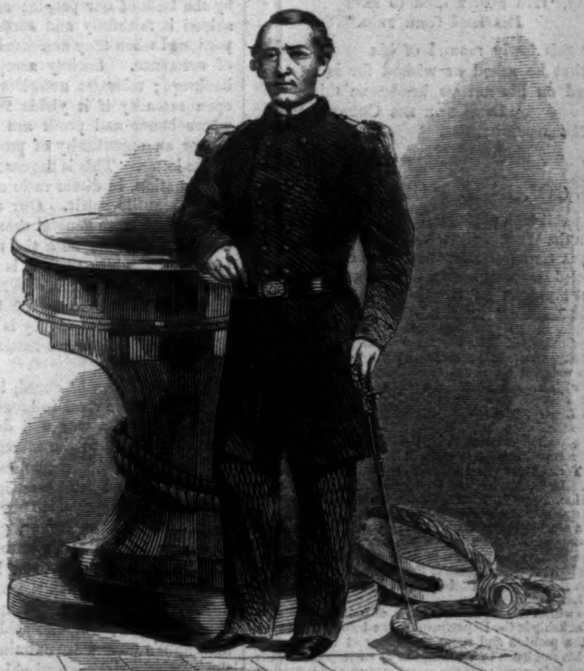
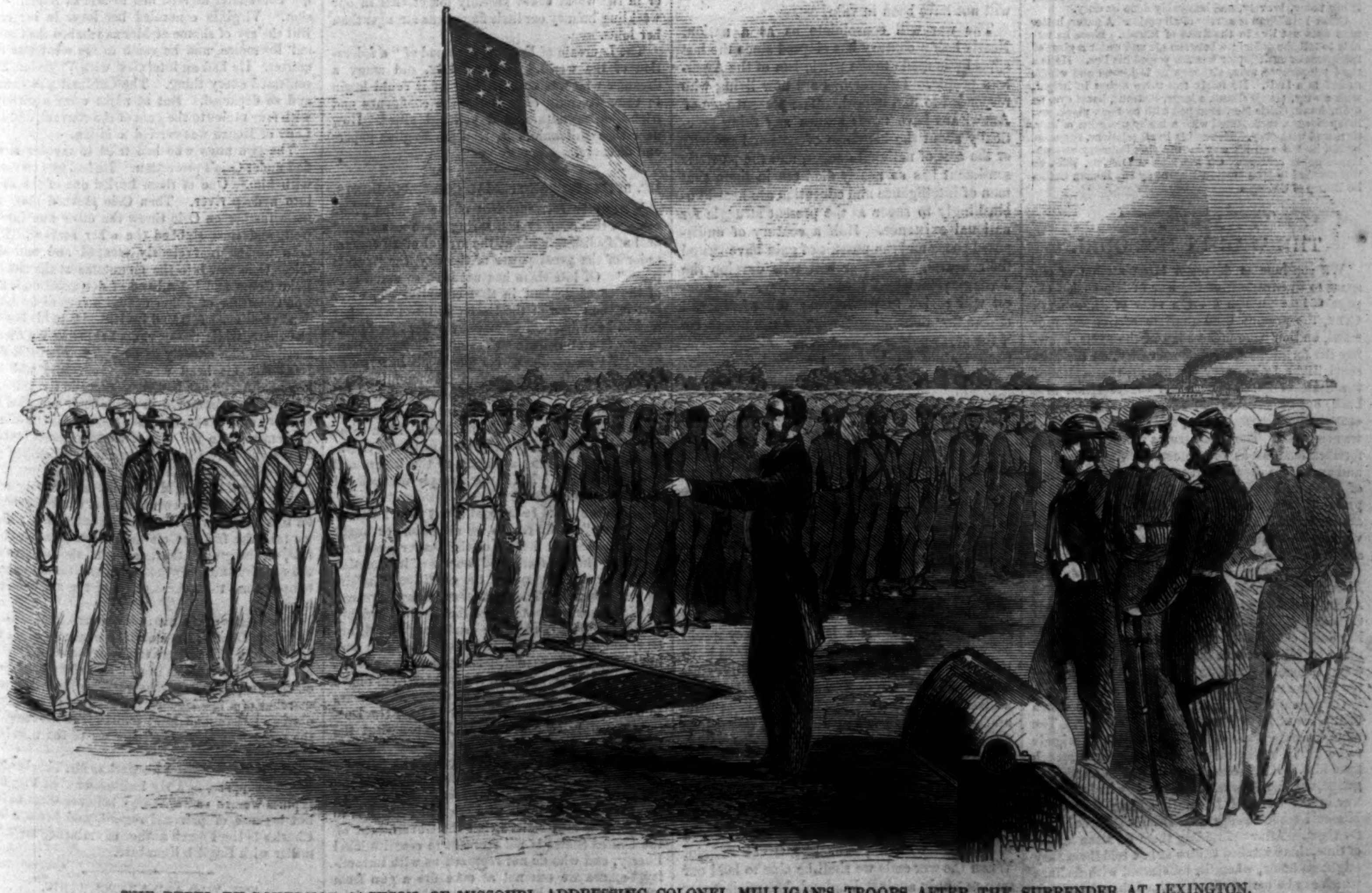


COLONEL MULLIGAN.—From a Photograph.—[See next Page.]



LIEUTENANT RUSSELL, U.S.N., WHO BURNED THE "JUDITH" AT PENSACOLA.



THE REBEL EX-GOVERNOR JACKSON, OF MISSOURI, ADDRESSING COLONEL MULLIGAN'S TROOPS AFTER THE SURRENDER AT LEXINGTON.

Sketched by O. R.—[See next Page.]

DIED, ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

FAR from his native home he died;
The clash of arms on every side,
The roar of cannon, and the tide
Of red blood flowing.

Around the dying and the dead
Lay on the field of battle, red
With carnage, while the sky o'erhead
Crimson was blushing.

Slowly the spark of life went out,
As rang the gallant victors' shout,
Telling the foe were put to rout
By his brave comrades.

No gentle mother softly laid
On his hot brow her hand, or prayed
As his soul heavenward strayed—
Heavenward ascended.

But as the glorious field was won,
While rushed the conquering army on,
As blood-red sank the setting sun,
Gloriously he perished.

Around his green and hallowed grave
Fond friends shall sadly mourn the brave,
Saying, "He gladly died to save
His land from ruin."

Over this lowly mound of his
All that he asked or wished for is
Graved on his narrow headstone this—
"DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!"

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, 1861.

COLONEL MULLIGAN.

WE publish on page 657, from a photograph sent us from the West, a portrait of the brave COLONEL MULLIGAN, whose gallant defense of Lexington we chronicled last week. The following biography of Colonel Mulligan is interesting:

Colonel James A. Mulligan was born in the city of Utica, New York, in the year 1829, and is consequently in his thirty-second year. His parents were natives of Ireland. His mother, after the death of his father, which took place when he was a child, removed to Chicago, where she has resided with her son for the past twenty-three years. She married a respectable Irish-American in Chicago named Michael Lantry, who has steadily watched with a father's solicitude the expanding mind of the brave young soldier. He was educated at the Catholic College of North Chicago, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Kinsellar, now of New York City. He is a strict member of the Catholic Church. In 1852, 1853, and 1854 he read law in the office of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Congressman from the Chicago District. For a short time he edited the *Western Tablet*, a semi-religious weekly newspaper in Chicago. In 1856 he was admitted an attorney-at-law in Chicago. At this time he held the position of Second Lieutenant in the Chicago Shields Guards, one of the companies attached to the Irish Brigade now in Missouri, and which has done so well at Lexington.

In the winter of 1857 Senator Fitch, of Indiana, tendered him a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. He accepted the position and spent the winter at Washington. During his residence in Washington he corresponded with the Utica *Telegraph* over the *nom de plume* of "Satan." After his return from Washington he was elected Captain of the Shields Guards. On the news arriving of the bombardment of Fort Sumter he threw his soul into the National cause. The Irish-American companies held a meeting, of which he was Chairman. Shortly afterward he went to Washington with a letter, written by the late Senator Douglas on his death-bed, to the President, tendering a regiment to be called the "Irish Brigade." He was elected Colonel, and immediately went to work with a will. The course of the Brigade up to the battle of Lexington is well known; it has nobly, bravely, and honorably done its duty.

Colonel Mulligan is worthy of all praise. A purer, better man does not live in the State of Illinois. Since he was able to tell the difference between ale and water a glass of spirituous or malt liquor has not passed his lips. He is a rigid temperance man, although he is jocund and whole-souled to a fault. He is six feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame, a large, lustrous, hazel eye, an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck, and independence, surmounted with a bushy profusion of hair, tinctured with gray. Honorable in all relations, respected by all, he has won his way by untiring industry and unquestionable courage. On the 26th of October, 1859, he was married to Miss Marian Nugent by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE continue to devote a large section of our space to illustrations of the war in Missouri. On page 664 we publish a large view of JEFFERSON CITY, the present head-quarters of General Frémont, and on page 663 a Plan of the same, showing the fortifications. Jefferson City, on the Missouri River, is, as every one knows, the capital of the State of Missouri. When the rebellion first broke out in Missouri Jefferson City was promptly occupied by General Lyon, and Governor Jackson was expelled. The Union troops proceeded to erect fortifications, so as to protect the State Capitol, and ever since then Jefferson City has been a place of great military activity. There must be at the present time over 40,000 Union troops in the place, and between it and Lexington; and a battle in the vicinity is hourly expected. Troops continue to arrive daily, both by rail and by steamer.

Another picture, on page 667, from a sketch by Alexander Simplot, represents the EMBARKATION AT ST. LOUIS OF THE NINTH MISSOURI REGIMENT, COLONEL KELTON, FOR LEXINGTON. The peculiar build of the Mississippi steamers will be recognized by all who have sailed on the Father of Waters. Colonel Kelton, we need hardly add, arrived too late to save the brave Colonel Mulligan.

On page 657 we give a picture of a scene which took place at Lexington after the surrender. The rebel Governor Jackson ordered Mulligan's brigade to be drawn up in solid column to hear a speech from him. He then addressed them in harsh language, demanding what business they had to make war in the State of Missouri, adding that when Missouri needed troops from Illinois she would ask for them. After upbraiding them for some length of time, this wretched traitor at last told them they might go home, when they dispersed with feelings which can be more easily imagined than described. If Governor Jackson falls into the hands of any of the Illinois Volunteers he will have a hard time.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

WAR AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

THE peace party has deafened us with commonplaces about the evils of war. No one denies that war brings great evils in its train, though there are still greater evils than they, and wise and good men often advise war and accept its mischiefs in order to escape the greater calamities of peace. Too little attention has, however, been paid, since the present conflict began, to the benefits of war in the abstract. Reflection will show that they are by no means insignificant.

Peace enervates and corrupts society; war strengthens and purifies. The chief danger against which all philosophers have warned us in this country has been the corruption pervading our society and our political institutions. Our aristocracy being exclusively mercantile, money has grown to be the sole idol worshiped by the bulk of our people; and those who worshiped it faithfully and successfully have been pardoned when they neglected every other object of reverence. Society accepts the fraudulent bankrupt; tolerates notorious cheats; winks at open rascality if it yields 20 per cent.; and where honor and profit are in conflict, never misses an opportunity of pronouncing in favor of the latter. This is the case to some extent in every nation, in direct ratio of the influence of the mercantile spirit. Our corruption is more intense and more general than that of European countries, because here the mercantile class is paramount, while there it is only one of many competitors for power. Wherever men enjoy the suffrage some votes are bought: it is only in a country where money is the sole exclusive idol that *all* offices are matters of bargain and sale.

If this evil can be cured, it must be done by raising up some rival influence to that of sheer dollars. This a war will do. Nothing is so directly opposed to the mercantile spirit as the military spirit. The one calls into play the most sordid and the basest instincts of our nature: the other appeals to our noblest and purest impulses—courage, honor, patriotism, self-devotion, self-denial. In a mercantile point of view, it does not pay to be killed or wounded for one's country. On the other hand, soldiers usually deem all traders knaves. The merchant's aim is profit, the soldier's, glory. The merchant's means are cunning and calculation, the soldier's, daring and chivalry. Evidently, more opposite and antagonistic classes than soldiers and merchants it were hard to conceive. And the effect of the creation of a military class in our midst will necessarily be to counterbalance the mercantile influence now paramount, and to raise up honor as an idol in opposition to dollars. If the war achieves this result, it will not have been in vain.

The war will consolidate us as a nation. Nearly half a century has elapsed since the last appeal was made to the patriotism of the American people. Few persons are now living who responded to that appeal. The present race of Americans have never known any thing practically about the blessings of national security or the cost of national danger, and the patriotic sentiment has so nearly died out in them that men of intelligence and education are heard unblushingly to sneer at the present struggle for national existence. Half a century of undisputed peace and the pursuit of gain have rusted their hearts. The war will now develop the dormant principle of love of country. The honest will revive to patriotism; the sordid will realize that their private schemes can not thrive if the great public scheme fails. Men's hearts, from various motives, will expand from their present selfish bounds to the breadth of good citizenship.

The war will put an end forever to the pernicious heresy of State Sovereignty. However it ends, we shall hear no more, at the North at all events, about the rights of States. States will preserve their rights, undoubtedly; and so will towns, theatres, and newspapers. But none of these rights will ever again be invoked in bar of the sovereignty of the American people. We shall emerge from this war a nation in fact as in name, consolidated and homogeneous.

The war will prepare us for struggles, if any should come, with foreign nations. It is already evident that the British aristocracy would submit to any ordinary sacrifice in order to have the rebellion succeed, in the hope that the catastrophe of American democracy might check the aspirations of the working-classes in Great Britain. No one can tell at what time this selfish oligarchy may delude England into a war with the United States. Nor can any one foresee the result of the complications which must grow out of the movements of Spain in St. Domingo, and of the maritime powers of Europe in Mexico. Before this war we were in no condition to contend with a power like Great Britain. When the war ends we shall be able to hold our own not only against England, but against any combination of foreign powers. We shall have a first-class army and a first-class navy, ample resources, and a thorough and complete military and naval organization.

But the chief advantage which the war will confer upon the country will be the diversion of at least a part of the national intellect and energy from the mere pursuit of gain, and the elevation of a substantial section of our people to nobler and higher aims. It can not but leave behind it a pretty general conviction that there really is something in this world better than dollars, and something worthier than the craft which is called smartness. 'Tis no mean boon that we

"Wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told,
And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just doom shall be wreaked on a giant liar,
And many a darkness into the night shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done!"

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLISH HATE.

No thoughtful American can affect to be indifferent to English criticism, because the English have necessarily a deeper sympathy with us than any other nation in the world. But the malignity of hatred which the leading English papers evince toward us—papers which are known to be the organs of eminent public men in England—reveals a condition of the English mind which few of us could have suspected. Had this nation been engaged in a bloody war for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement, or for commercial advantages; had it, for instance, gone to the other side of the globe to India, and, with the most unblushing military barbarism, virtually taken possession of an entirely foreign country, holding it by means which have made the names of Clive and Warren Hastings badly eminent; or had it insisted upon thrusting a poisonous drug into China, and made its refusal to receive it a cause of war against a distant people who "only asked to be let alone," it would then be natural that a great civilized, constitutional, commercial power should censure the crime and sentence the criminal to public infamy.

But why a friendly nation, engaged in suppressing a rebellion which strikes at the very existence of the nation; a rebellion whose success would be the most fatal blow to constitutional liberty; a rebellion undertaken, as its leaders expressly avow, not because the Government has done them any wrong, but because they fear that slavery is in danger if the Government is not overthrown; a rebellion which betrays as incredible and dangerous a want of personal honor in the leaders as the English people found in Charles the First—why a friendly nation, engaged in the repression of such a rebellion, should be so ferociously and recklessly maligned as we have been, and are, by the chief English organs of public opinion, is a question as difficult to answer as it is to discover why we ever supposed that the haughtiest and most selfish power in the world could possibly forget that in our weakling infancy our little finger was stronger than her loins.

The Laureate of England dreamed of "a federation of the world." So, possibly, did many a dreamer who was no laureate. If it could begin to come it could only be by the confidence and friendship of natural and political allies. How near that Millennium is, read the English papers and discover.

MR. SEWARD UPON SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN the correspondent of the London *Times* came to this country last spring there was a good deal of foolish talk about the arrival of an embassador of the great power of the day, the "public press." Of late there has not been so much said of the correspondent in that capacity. The last fact in the career of the Doctor of Laws was, that he had been fined thirty or forty dollars for breaking the law of Illinois and shooting birds on Sunday. At an earlier period one of his letters was telegraphed all the way from Newfoundland by the "Associated Press"—a letter, by-the-way, in which the Barrister at Law rapped several of them in a rousing way upon the knuckles. Then came the petition of some worthy persons to the Secretary of State, calling attention to the letters and the letter-writer. Mr. Seward's reply was pointed and conclusive.

There is a word to be said about that letter of Mr. Seward's. Of course we all know, or ought to know, that the letters of the Doctor and Barrister are the chief credited sources of information in Europe and England of the condition of affairs in this country. They doubtless make European public opinion; and they are therefore undeniably important. That they are crude, prejudiced, untrue, and foolish, is evident enough; but that does not affect their influence. Now an authorized expulsion of this person from the country would have been obviously impolitic. The Government fears to have the truth told, would have been the Doctor's cry, duly echoed through Europe. But the letter of the Secretary of State emphatically stigmatizes the writer as a "foreigner who perverts our hospitality to shelter himself in writing injurious publications against us for a foreign press." To those in other lands who are still accessible to reason, who still believe that the Government of the United States is not recreant to constitutional liberty, and who do not reproach us with imbecility because we can not at once fire a gun from which the charge has been drawn, the letter of the Secretary will be literally a letter of credit in our power, our purpose, and our patience.

And if, in the patriotic spirit of that letter, the officers of the army, forbidding him their lines, would treat with silent contempt a man who sees only to slander—if all gentlemen who have the honor of their country at heart would make him feel that whoever sneers at the nation in peril can be no associate or guest of theirs—and if the newspapers, by common consent, would leave his libels in the London *Times*, for which they are written, the Doctor of Laws would find himself in an isolation compared with which the casemates of Fort Lafayette would be delightful.

A GLIMPSE OF ITALIAN LIFE.

THE revelations of the interior of Italian life of two or three centuries ago is an exposure of the most startling romance and tragedy. Copious and interesting accounts are found in Adolphus Trollope's "Italian Women." The story of Beatrice Cenci is a melancholy glimpse enough. The traditions which Browning interweaves in his poetry, and which give a lurid light to so many of his pictures, belong to the same department of literature and history, to which the latest contribution is a work by Philarète Chasles, Professor in the College of France, called "Virginie de Leyva, or the interior of an Italian nunnery in the beginning of the seventeenth century." It is simply a story of love and ghastly crime; but, like all such stories sincerely told, it is a marvelous mirror of contemporary life. A tree is told by its fruit—a civilization by its incidents. No wonder that Trollope so bitterly sneers at "the good old times," of all times the most wretched and hopeless.

Virginia was the grand-daughter of a bold brigand of Navarre and handsome Free Lance of Charles the Fifth, who, after a life of crime, died Prince of Ascoli, and went to rest under a sumptuous monument in a church at Milan. Virginia was sent to the convent at Monza, to which young women came to be taught, and among the rest a young Isabella. Osio, a handsome youth, saw Isabella in the convent garden and made love to her by signs. But the saintly Virginia saw the offense and told the notary, who told Isabella's father, who took his daughter away and married her. Osio, stung with rage, stabbed the notary, and the magistrate feared to arrest him lest he too should be stabbed. Besides, Virginia was softened by the young man's grief, and was sorry for what she had done. She used her influence, as seigniorial lady, with the magistrate, and Osio went to thank her, and they fell in love. Virginia was then twenty years old.

The Confessor of the convent, Arrighone, was an unsuccessful lover of the lady, and one of the worst of men. Osio gave her a book from the Confessor's library, in which it was written that a layman might enter without sin the cell of a nun, and that the only sin was in the nun quitting her retreat. Arrighone pressed his suit insolently. He declared that he wrote all the letters signed "Osio;" and Virginia threw herself into Osio's arms.

A family was born, and Virginia's maid, Meda, was ostensibly the mother. In a quarrel she threatened to expose her mistress. Virginia and two nuns tried to kill her. But Osio succeeded. Rumors escaped the convent through Ranieri, an apothecary, and Virginia's relations had Osio arrested, fearing some political consequences. A solemn testimony went up from the nuns declaring the tale of intimacy between Osio and Virginia a vile scandal. Thereupon he was released, and a few hours after he returned to Monza Ranieri was shot. Virginia concealed her lover in her cell. But the cry of shame at Monza reached the Cardinal Borromeo, and he came to see what was the matter. He had an interview with Virginia. She confessed every thing. The Cardinal was dumb, and so departed. But at night came a carriage with four mules to the gate of the convent, and the Lady of Monza was carried to Milan.

The two nuns who had tried to murder Meda fled under Osio's protection. He had two servants with him. One of them hurled one of the nuns into a deep river. Then Osio stabbed him. A little further on Osio threw the other nun into a well, and then stabbed the other servant. But both women marvelously escaped and told the tale. Osio flew into the mountains at the foot of Lake Como and led a band of desperate outlaws. The Governor of Milan offered a reward for him, dead or alive. A friend invited him to his house, and there, while the servants held Osio, his friend murdered him exactly as he had murdered Meda. Next day his head was on the ruined wall at Monza. Arrighone had three years in the galleys. Virginia was immured in a convent, and died in the very odor of sanctity, like a saint, said Cardinal Borromeo; into the urn of whose colossal brazen statue you may climb if you choose when you go to his *isola maggiore*.

This terrible text M. Chasles improves by reasoning that the conventual system was responsible for this character. But the *Athenæum*, from which we take the facts, seems to be correct in denying this, on the ground that, as a rule, the inmates of the religious houses were better, measured by their temptations, than the women of the surrounding hamlets.

But whatever the moral improvement that may be drawn from it, the story is a curious episode of Italian life. It belongs to the department of real history, which consists in a picture of the condition of the people, not of the marches and counter-marches of a few leaders. Thus it is in memoirs, diaries, letters, and local annals that we come to the truest knowledge of the state of the world at any period.

M. Chasles dedicates his work to Mr. Thackeray; not, we suppose, as a sly insinuation that Virginia typifies women as Thackeray believes them to be, but because of personal regard, and because M. Chasles is the French author of eminence most familiar with English literature.

THE WAR AND EMANCIPATION.

THERE is still confusion about the cardinal point of the relation of Slavery to the War. Lord Palmerston's organ, the London *Post*, says: "If the theory of the Government is to be observed, Slavery has nothing whatever to do with the question." Of course that statement is "meant to mean" that emancipation is not the object of the war, which is strictly true. On the other hand, nothing is truer than that emancipation may become an *incident* of the war.

The suspension of the *habeas corpus* is not the object of the war; but it has legitimately become an incident of it. So with the arrest of talkers of treason and the suppression of treasonable papers. Emancipation may, in like manner, very easily become an incident of the war.

This may happen in two ways. In the first place, if the rebels are sorely pressed they may free the slaves to save themselves; because they know that the danger of servile insurrection is not among free men but slaves. In the second place, if the Government is sorely pressed it may make it the interest of four millions of people in the very heart of the rebellious section to be its active friends.

Does any body deny the right of the Government to confiscate the property of the rebels? The slaves are either property or persons. If the Government may properly take the horse and the grain which he is carrying, why may it not with equal propriety take the animal which has sowed and raised the grain, and loaded and driven the horse? Why take one part of the property and leave the other? Is there such special sacredness in property in men that it is to be exempted from the liabilities of all other property? But if the slaves are persons, then they may be found to be lending such active aid to the rebellion that necessity will compel the Government to deprive the rebellion of their services. Why not? Why should the nation paralyze the efforts of Pierce Butler to destroy the Government, and yet allow Pierce Butler's slaves to do all the harm they can to the Government?

But will not a confiscation of this property, or a release of their persons, lead to horrible massacres and fearful outrages, it may be asked. It may be; but this rebellion which the slaveholders are prosecuting has already led to massacre and outrage. The people of this country have said pretty distinctly, "Slavery is dangerous to the common peace; keep your slaves at home." The slaveholders reply, "You think slavery dangerous, do you, and you won't let us multiply and aggravate the danger?—very well, take that!" And forthwith, with fire and sword and theft and treachery of every basest kind, they fall upon the justest and most equable Government in the world, and try to smother it in the blood of its citizens. And when those citizens, seeing more suddenly than they thought the danger of slavery, declare that they will paralyze the sting by killing the wasp, the slaveholders cry out, "Take care; you'll hurt us if you do that!" In the name of the God of Justice, who is responsible for the consequences? For every drop of blood that might be shed—for every cry of outraged honor—the men who compelled the Government to defend itself at all hazards would be strictly accountable.

If the rebellion chooses to ask the simple question, Which is the more precious, the Government of the United States or the system of Chattel Slavery? it must abide by the answer.

JOHN BULL AS A PRACTICAL MAN.

JOHN BULL is a practical man. He has no nonsense about him. He neither eats frogs nor wears wooden shoes, as Frenchmen do; nor drawls through his nose and wears long straps to his trowsers, as Yankees do; nor eats sauer-kraut and beer soup, as the Germans do; nor garlic, as the Spaniards do; nor oil, as the Italians do. John Bull despises them all, and eats roast beef and talks the English language, as all honest Christian people do. His church is the best church—his manners are the best manners—his ways of trade the best ways—his men the best men—his government the best government—and his tea-pot the best tea-pot in the world. Nobody else knows any thing. There are no soldiers, sailors, or statesmen but John Bull's; and the secret of his superiority is, that he is such an eminently practical person; he has his eyes and ears open; he knows what he is about; he gets twenty shillings to every pound; and how can he help it if God has seen fit to make him so much bigger and better than other people? He acknowledges the divine regard in the politest manner by making his church establishment as respectable as any thing human can be. What more or better could heaven or earth desire than John Bull?

Every now and then—as the nasal Yankees say—John Bull illustrates his practical genius with peculiar splendor. For instance, about a hundred and thirty years ago, Sir John Blount, one of John Bull's gentlemen, persuaded John Bull's Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the debt of England might be paid off by opening new branches of trade in the South seas. The subscription to the stock was opened, but languished. Thereupon Blount circulated rumors that Gibraltar and Port Mahon would be exchanged for some places in Peru. John Bull, who has no nonsense about him, rushed to the books, and the first subscription was more than two millions of pounds—ten millions of dollars. In a few days the stock leaped up—such an eminently practical person is John Bull—and sold for double the price of the first payment. Finally, by cheating, lying, and swearing—such an ideal business man is John Bull—the stock was raised to a thousand pounds per cent.; and John Bull every where plunged into stock-jobbing. One morning it turned out that Sir John Blount was Sir Jeremy Diddler, and the eminently practical person was left sucking his thumb for comfort.

It is not many years ago, also—quite within the range of modern memories—that King Hudson chucked under the chin our friend who always gets twenty shillings to the pound, and persuaded him to subscribe to railways. The fine old English gentleman replied to King Hudson, "But you're a snob, aren't you?" King Hudson responded by clinking golden guineas in his pocket. "Ah! in that case," rejoined the honest upholder of the Protestant succession, "your very humble servant." So from the chin King Hudson raised his hand to the nose, and led John, like other Bulls, by that member. And when he had cleaned out the pockets of the gentleman who has his eyes and ears open, King Hudson, like Robert Macaire, disappeared.

A few years later, in testimony of his eminently practical genius, John Bull laid several hundred thousand pounds at the bottom of the sea in the shape of an Atlantic telegraph. But sagaciously thinking that investment in sea-water not sufficient, he built a big ship, that he might possess an adequate monument on the top of the ocean of his enterprise at the bottom. In the ship the full force of his practical genius came into play. It was big in idea; big upon the stocks; much too big to launch safely; big in the stream; big in the mud; too big to manage; sadly big in its tragical trial trip; big in its delays; big in its voyage across the ocean; big in the mistakes of management; big in its excursions; with a big want of water and comfort; big in its disappointment; frightfully big in its total failure and enormous expense. It is the last big thing of our eminently practical genius, John Bull.

Happy the man who has no nonsense about him: who does not eat frogs nor wear long straps: and of whom his cleverest reviewer, himself a most eminent John Bull, could truly paint this picture: "Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on every thing on earth and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid ten per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity upon taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

Is it wonderful that with this splendid result of his practical genius, John Bull should scornfully trample and toss all other nations, provided always that they are weak or that calamity has befallen them?

THE NATIONAL HYMNS.

MR. WHITE, one of the members of the National Hymn Committee, has written a note to the papers, which is interesting to all who sent poems to the Committee. A volume has been advertised entitled "The National Hymns, how they were written, and how not written: edited by Richard Grant White." The object of Mr. White's note is to say "that no such book is to be published, either with the consent of the National Hymn Committee, or with either my knowledge or consent. Nor have I 'edited' any book upon the subject. I have written a little book entitled 'National Hymns, how they are written, and how they are not written; a Lyric and National Study for the Times,' which Messrs. Rudd & Carleton are to publish in a few days; and in two sections of this a few of the hymns sent in to the Committee are quoted by way of illustration; but none are presented as 'the best' or as 'the worst.' I should not trouble you with this note, but the announcement in question is in direct contrariety with assurances which I have given to some of the gentlemen who have permitted me to use their hymns."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

WOMEN'S feelings are more intense than those of men.

We are happy or miserable: at a ball or at home.

A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

The female mind is too poetical to be tamely methodical. Who would marry a woman who punctuated her love-letters?

Cupid is blind to every thing—save pin-money.

In society compliments are loans, which the lenders expect to be repaid with heavy interest.

Praise a woman's taste, and you may attack her sense with impunity.

Your candid friend has never any thing pleasant to say to you. He reminds you of his pet virtue, by wounding you with it.

If you want to know a woman's true character, linger after the guests have gone, and listen to what she has to say about them.

A woman wins an old man by listening to him, and a young man by talking to him.

Enjoy to-day, for to-morrow the first gray hair may come.

Hymen is only Cupid in curl papers.

Women confess little faults, that their candor may cover great ones.

There are no reasons which explain love; but a thousand which explain marriage.

Age is venerable in man—and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

When a woman vows that she never flirts—*she is flirting*.

MATERNAL ADVICE.—A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right, when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

ONE TO THE DOSE.—When a Holloway omnibus "goes down," may not the mishap be described as a Holloway spill?

ASTRONOMICAL INSECTS.—At one of the late Meetings of the British Association, a philosopher read a paper "On Geometrical Nets in Space." Another delivered a lecture on the habits of Spiders, of which insects a well-known variety is accustomed to make geometric nets in any convenient space between twigs or in palings. Are the geometrical nets which exist in absolute space constructed by any spiders which exist there, and are those spiders as big as the Scorpion in the Zodiac?

RATHER DOWN IN THE MOUTH.—We see that a cheap advertising Dentist offers to "stop teeth at a shilling apiece." The force of cheapness can scarcely go much lower. There is a class of purchasers so ravenous after cheapness that it is only necessary to offer a thing cheaply for them instantly to avail themselves of it. Let one of those peripatetic merchants, whose shop consists of a tray slung round his neck, offer them a sovereign for a penny, and they will eagerly snatch at it. The above remedy, however, is so unusually cheap and proportionately nasty, that we should say that it must almost be "*too filling*" at the price.

NON-INTERVENTION.—There is a talk of the Salt Lake joining the Confederates. We think the Mormon Capital is wrong. Let it secede, if it will; but it is not fair to join either party. It should be true to its own name, and consistently prove that it only wishes to remain, equally on both sides, an Utah (*a neuter*).

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—The young gentleman who took an overdose of conceit has experienced no ill effects from it. On the contrary, he says he never felt better in all his life. It is very strange, for decidedly the dose was strong enough for any six pet parsons. Still, we should not advise this young gentleman to repeat the dose too often, or else his friends will be distressed some day by having to resort to some very cruel experiments for the purpose of taking the conceit out of him. The cure, let us tell him, is often a trying and very distressing one. We know of one poor young man who had to be sent on the Stock Exchange before he was completely cured.

DRAWING-ROOM BALLADS.

IMPROVISED BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A GOOD MEMORY.

'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel,
Indeed, 'twere vain to tell,
I would not, if I could, conceal,
Oh! yes, yes, 'tis a spell;
Oh, lullaby, poor Lucy Neal,
That sleeps in convent cell.

I'll not beguile thee from thy home,
Take back those gems you gave;
I've heard it said some love to roam
All by the sad sea wave;
The Wolf! or, better, Pope of Rome,
Dog Tray, Dunois the brave.

In this old chair my father sat,
He was a man of might;
The owl sits by the tree, the bat
In happy moments quite,
Sings tra, la, la, all round my hat,
My native land, good-night.

Oh, maid of Athens, ere we part
A hunting we will go;
Upon the hill he turned,—so smart
Are girls of Buffalo;
Take now this ring, 'tis thine; the heart
Bow'd down:—Row, brothers, row.

THE DEFUNCT DRAMMER.—The disease which generally carries off dram-drinkers is half-quartern ague.

What musical house should exclusively publish Bacchanalian ditties?—*Boosey.*

THE LIGHTEST FISH DINNER POSSIBLE.—A pair of Cork Soles.

Why do refugee foreign noblemen, who dispense with linen but can not do without cheap cigars and garlic, prefer a small weekly bill to a large one?—Because it's *less to square*.

THE RING.—On his next visit to the metropolis, Mr. T. Sayers intends, we hear, to put up at Mawley's Hotel.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—Rainbows are not made of watered silk.

CONUNDRUM FOR WARM WEATHER.—Jones tried very hard to obtain forty winks, but failed, in consequence of an irritating fly. Why was that fly Jones's deadliest enemy?—Because it was his bit o' rest foe.

HIBERNIAN CONUNDRUM.—Why is the *Daily News* like a black eye?—Because it is a mourning peeper.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity?
Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

Why is a man writing a play-bill like a water-fowl?
Because he's a puffin (puffing).

When my first is broken
It stands in need of my second:
My third makes part of every lady's dress.
Rib-band.

Why is the letter N like a pig?
Because it makes a sty nasty.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

LEXINGTON, Missouri, has been evacuated by the rebels, and additional intelligence reaches us to the effect that General Sturgis has probably occupied the place. It appears that the rebels left Lexington on Monday afternoon, the intention of Price being, as it is supposed, to march on Georgetown, where a part of the national force is stationed. Just as they left Lexington, General Sturgis appeared on the other side of the river, firing shells upon them, and the report came to them that General Siegel, with 40,000 men, was advancing. Price, on receipt of this intelligence, changed his plan, and moved westward toward Independence. It is stated that his effective force numbered 25,000 men. The national troops are mostly stationed at Otteville, Sedalia, and Georgetown, the distance from Otteville to Sedalia being twelve miles, and from Sedalia to Georgetown four miles; General Pope, at Boonville, twenty-five miles northeast of Sedalia, has also a force of some strength, though the numbers are in no case definitely specified. General Frémont and his army are between Jefferson City and Lexington.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

General Buckner is reported to have passed through Hopkinsville, Greenville, and other places, with a part of his troops, collecting arms on his route. The troops at Bowling Green say that 30,000 more men are ready at an hour's notice to enter Kentucky. About 1000 rebels are reported to have taken possession of Hopkinsville, Christian County, on Monday. Four hundred Union troops, under Captain Jackson, were falling back on Henderson. Reports were current that Buckner, with 5000 men, would attack Spottsville, Henderson County, on Thursday. Zollicoffer was reported to be retreating toward Barboursville.

NEW ORDERS OF THE DAY.

General M'Clellan has issued some important orders. Among others is one referring to the late depredations committed by the Union troops at the village of Fall's Church. These excesses he denounces as atrocious, and feels convinced that they have been the work of a few bad men, and that the officers and soldiers of the army generally will unite in the suppression of practices which disgrace the whole army. He orders that in future the penalty of death shall be enforced upon all parties convicted of such outrages. In another order General M'Clellan designates all the forts and works in the vicinity of Washington, to the number of thirty-two, by special names, by which they shall be known hereafter.

THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

A gun-boat reconnoissance down the Potomac results in the report that the whole line of the river from Occoquan to Matthias Point is defended by rebel batteries, which completely command the river.

FIGHT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

We have a report via Cincinnati of a fight in Western Virginia, in which the Union troops, consisting of four companies of the Thirty-fourth Ohio and five companies of the First Kentucky regiments, and one company of the Fifth Virginia, under Lieutenant-Colonel Enyart, surrounded and defeated the rebels at Chapmansville, killing sixty and taking seventy prisoners. On endeavoring to escape the rebels were intercepted by Colonel Piatt, who killed forty of them and took a large number prisoners.

GENERAL LEE DEFEATED.

The authorities at Washington received information on 4th that General Reynolds had made a reconnoisance in force from his position at Cheat Mountain and met the rebels under General Lee, that he scattered them and drove them from the ground, with a very small loss on our side, but it was supposed with considerable damage to the enemy.

FATE OF THE MUTINEERS.

The fate of the mutinous prisoners condemned by General M'Clellan to hard labor at Tortugas has been generously mitigated upon their arrival at the Rip Raps. General Wool had them drawn up in line, and addressed them on the serious dereliction of duty for which they had been condemned. He stated that General M'Clellan would have been justified in shooting them for mutiny in face of the enemy, but he had a merciful proposition to make to them. If they would place themselves in his hands, all those who were willing might step forward three paces. Those who were not content to do so would be sent to Tortugas to expiate their crime. The entire number, 150, at once stepped forward with shouts and some with tears of joy. They were then taken to Newport News and drafted into a New York regiment.

THE PIRATE "SUMTER."

The privateer steamer *Sumter* left Surinam on the 5th ult. for Brazil. Some short distance from Surinam she met a vessel laden with coal, took 150 tons from her, and continued on her way. The *Powhatan* was in pursuit.

SOUTHERN SHINPLASTERS.

The Southern papers continue their complaints against the shinplaster currency, and the Richmond *Dispatch* says if prompt measures are not immediately taken to suppress the circulation of such illegal issues the whole South will be flooded with them, as every individual who chooses will force his worthless due bills on the community.

REPORTED ATTACK UPON NEW ORLEANS.

A startling report reaches us from New Orleans by way of St. Louis—published in the *Republican* of the latter city. It states that a letter has been received from New Orleans—the date of which, however, is not given—announcing that a fleet of *seventy National vessels* was coming up the Balize to capture the place.

THE CHEROKEES JOIN THE REBELS.

John Ross, the Chief of the Cherokee Nation, has finally succumbed to rebel pressure. On the 20th of August, as we learn from Rev. Mr. Robinson, late a missionary teacher among the Cherokees, who has recently arrived in St. Louis, Ross called a Council, and sent in a message recommending a severance from the United States and an alliance with the Southern Confederacy. The Council adopted the recommendation, and Commissioners were appointed to make a treaty of alliance with the Jeff Davis Government.

PERSONAL.

General Wool has gone to Washington for consultation with the Cabinet, and General Mansfield has taken his place at Fortress Monroe.

Gustavus W. Smith, formerly Superintendent of Streets in this City, has been appointed a General in the rebel army. He has been appointed to command the army heretofore led by General Johnston, who assumes general command of both that and the column commanded by Beauregard. Smith is a graduate of West Point, and was in the same class with General M'Clellan. Colonel Van Dorn, of Texas, has also been appointed a Major-General in the rebel service.

Colonel Taylor, late Assistant Commissary-General, was last week appointed Commissary-General, in place of General Gibson, deceased. The appointment is in the regular line of promotion, and Colonel Taylor has shown by his ability and energy while Acting Commissary-General an eminent fitness for the office.

The Hon. Charles Sumner delivered a speech at the Republican Convention at Worcester, Massachusetts. He took the ground that the overthrow of Slavery will at once make an end of the war, and justified that policy by many historic examples.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE COTTON QUESTION.

MR. LAING, Financial Secretary of India, made a stirring appeal to the Manchester spinners and capitalists to continue their exertions to obtain a supply of cotton independent of the Southern rebel States, declaring that the question was of a range of importance more elevated than those requiring a merely commercial consideration.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* reached Queenstown on the 17th ultimo, having sustained very great damage, during a terrific gale, when on her passage to New York. The storm overtook the leviathan when she was two days out, and standing two hundred and twenty miles west of Cape Clear. She broke her rudder pin, and for a time it was expected she would go down. The scene on board was fearful in the extreme. All her boats were washed away, all the furniture which could be broken was destroyed, twenty-five of the passengers sustained fractures of bones, and the cuts and bruises inflicted are reported as "innumerable." The paddle-wheels were carried away, and the ship made port by means of a temporarily rigged steering gear. The luggage of the passengers was reduced, according to the reports from London, to a heap of rags and wood splinters left floating in water in the luggage hold.

FRANCE.

FRENCH OFFICERS NOT ALLOWED TO SERVE IN FOREIGN ARMIES.

It is reported that a number of French army officers, particularly in the artillerist arm of the service, were anxious to enter the United States Army, and had reason to hope that an Imperial permission to do so would have been accorded; but on making application at the War Office in Paris, their request was refused by the Minister in the name of the Emperor, who had forbidden his officers from accepting commissions in the Federal army.

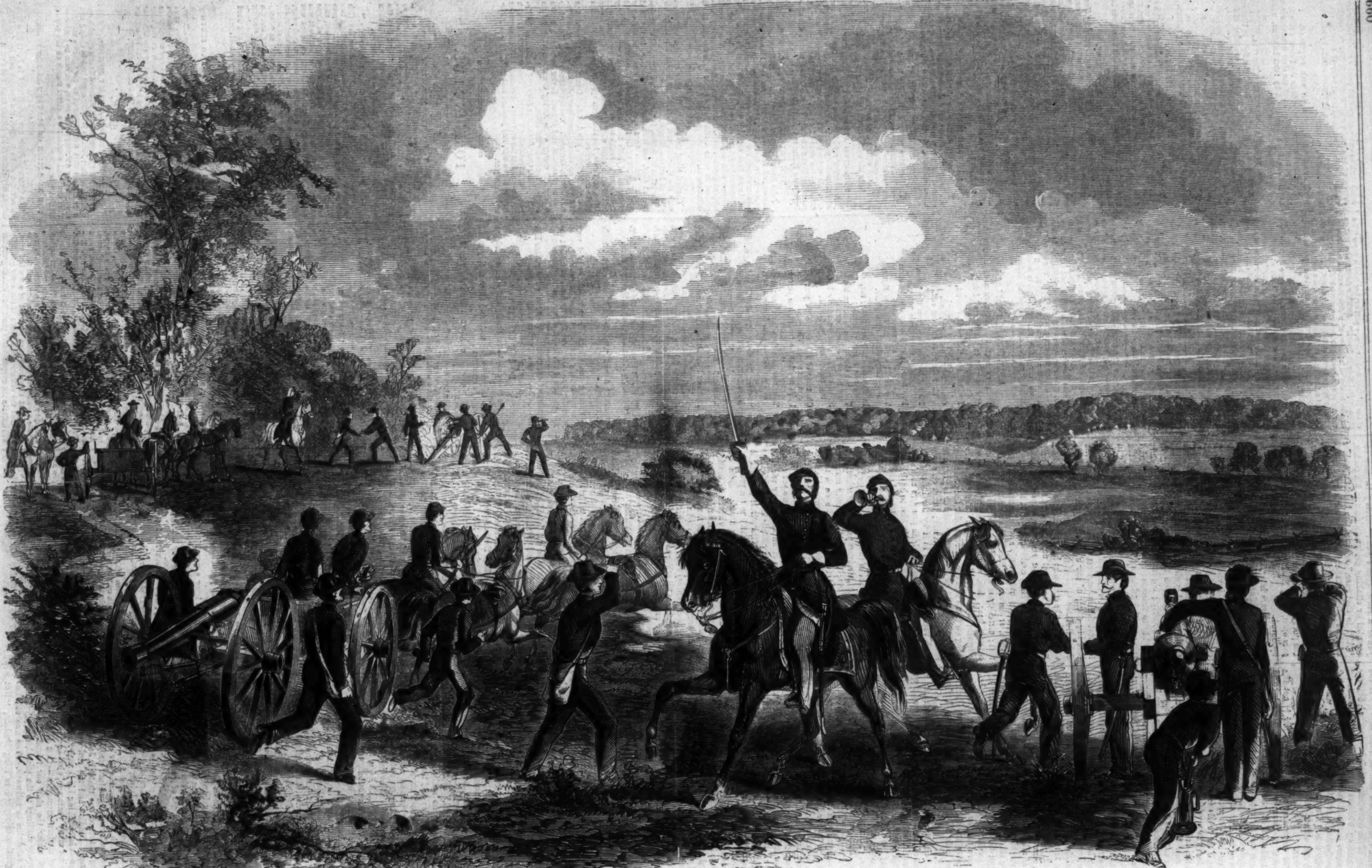
SPAIN.

AN EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.

It is currently reported and believed that a Spanish expedition against Mexico is being organized in Cuba; and it is alleged that five thousand of the Queen's soldiers, supported by a strong naval force, will soon be landed at Vera Cruz and commence a direct march on the city of Mexico.

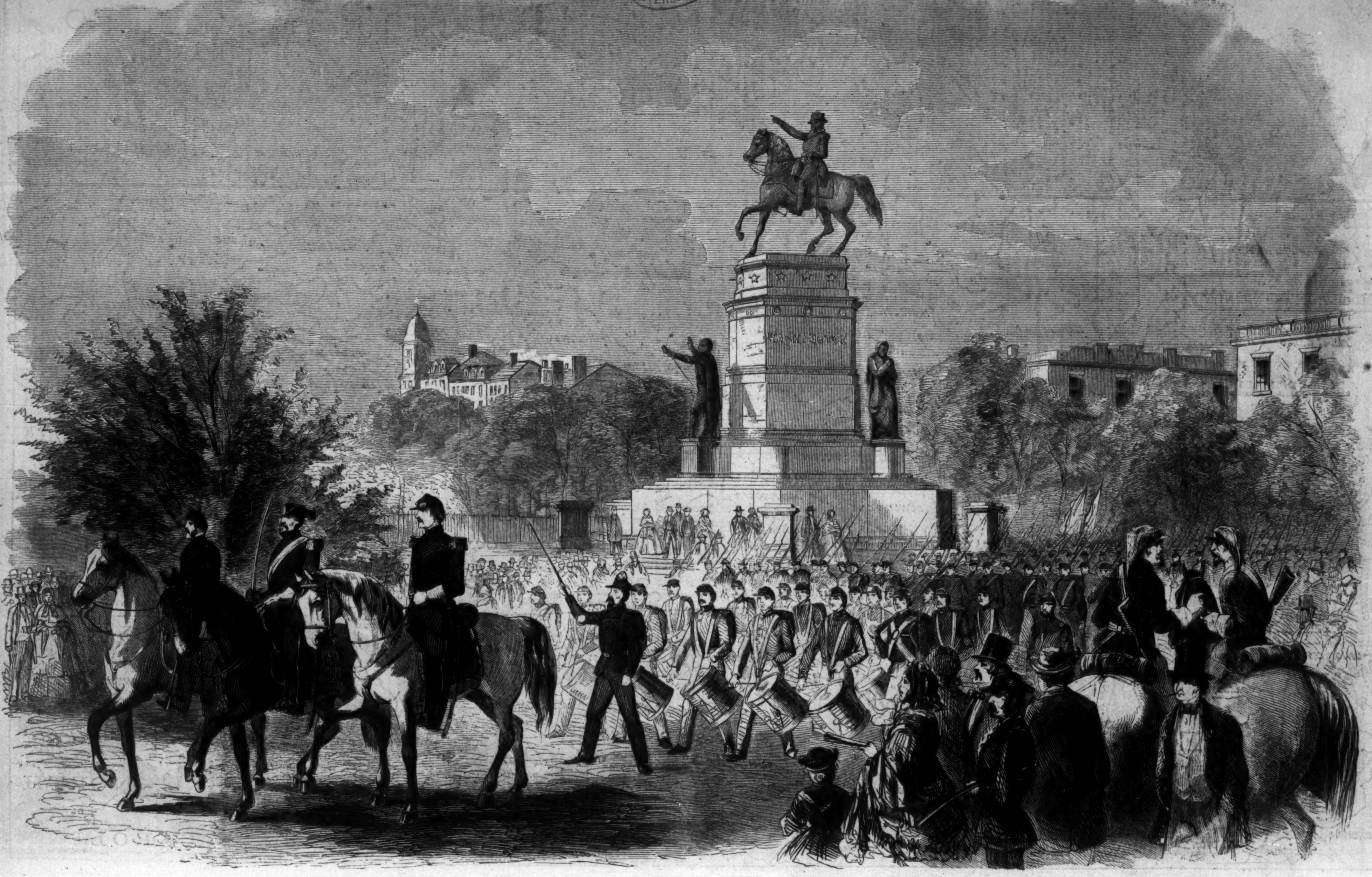
THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE SPANISH COLONIES.

The Queen of Spain has proclaimed in Porto Rico that whenever a slave touched the Spanish soil he was free, despite any claim of his former master or owner.

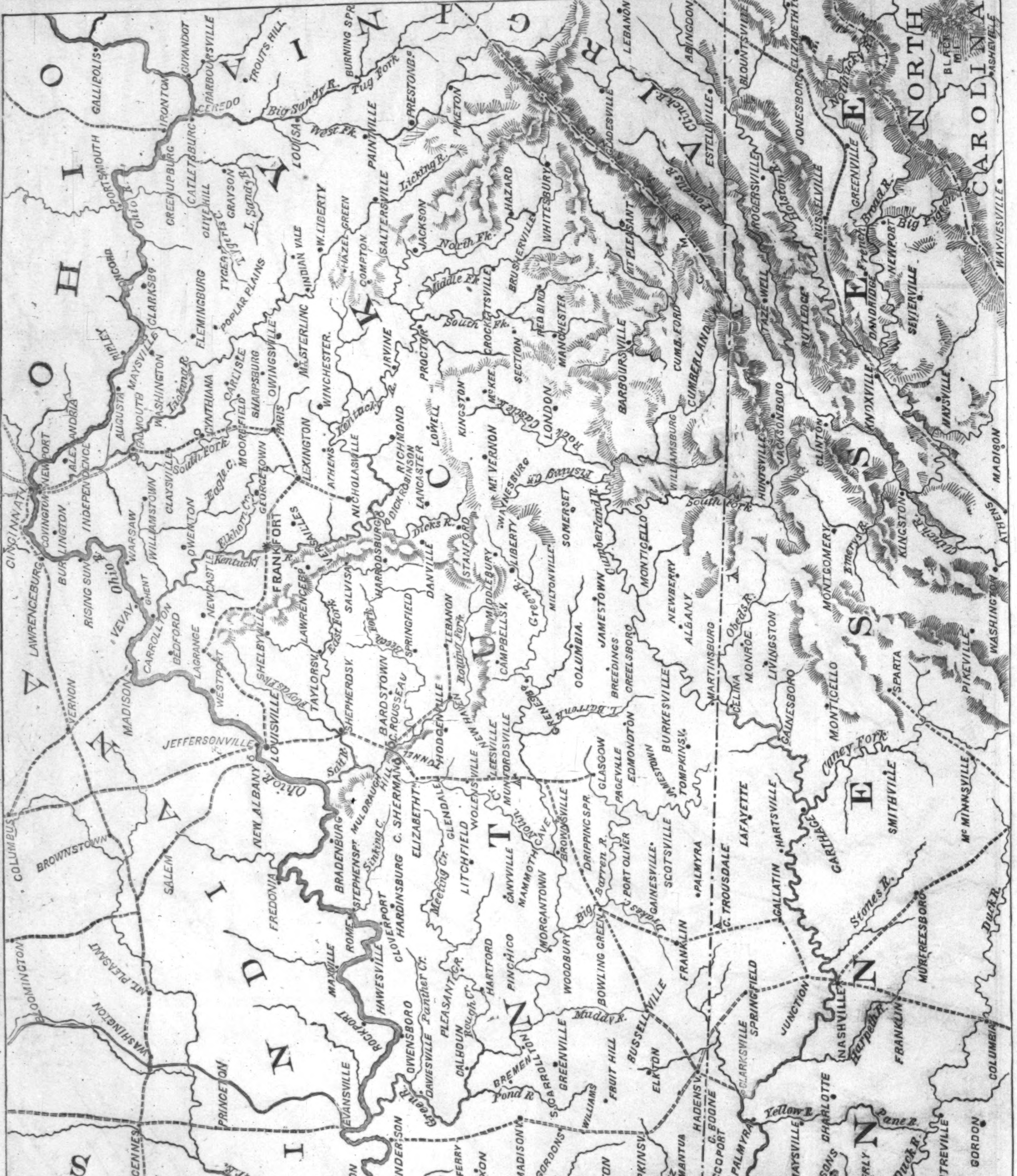


CANNONADING ON THE OUTPOSTS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

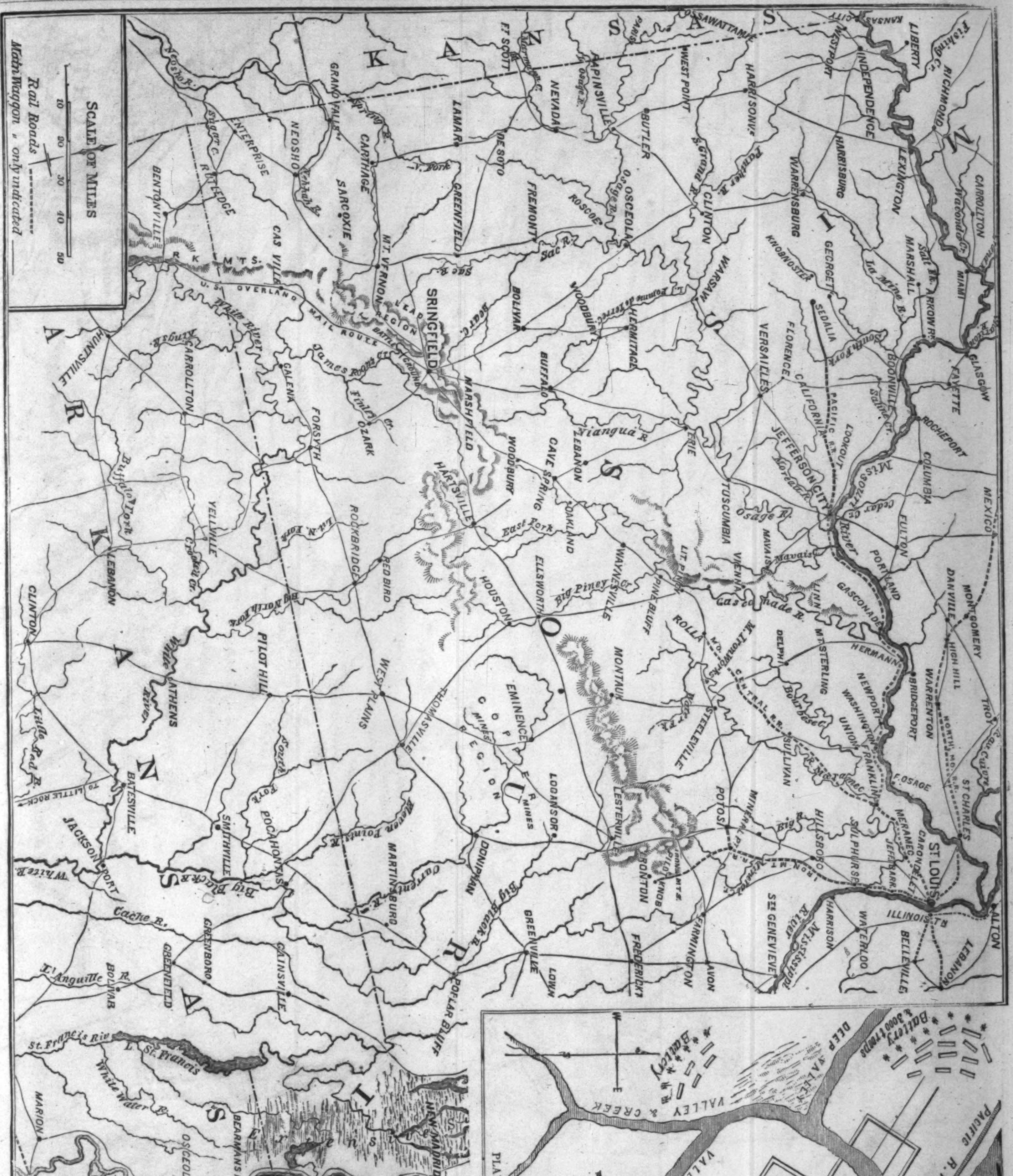
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



AN ALABAMA REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND, ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE REBEL FORCES UNDER BEAUREGARD.


OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
MISSOURI
LOUISVILLE AND VICINITY
Union Camp marked
Rebel Camp
SCALE OF MILES
10
30
50
Ohio River
Mississippi R.
Cumberland R.
Tennessee R.
Green R.
Kentucky R.
Licking R.
Big Sandy R.
Cincinnati
Louisville
Frankfort
Lexington
Covington
Newport
Paducah
Columbus
Cairo
Bowling Green
Nashville
Knoxville
Cumberland Gap
Camp Holt
C. Boone
C. Trousdale
C. Sherman
C. Rousseau
New Albany
Jeffersonville
Portland
Shippingport
Clarksville
Evansville
Henderson
Smithland
Hickman
New Madrid

WAR MAP OF KENTUCKY.—[See Page 671.]


SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30 40 50
Rail Roads
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Kansas City
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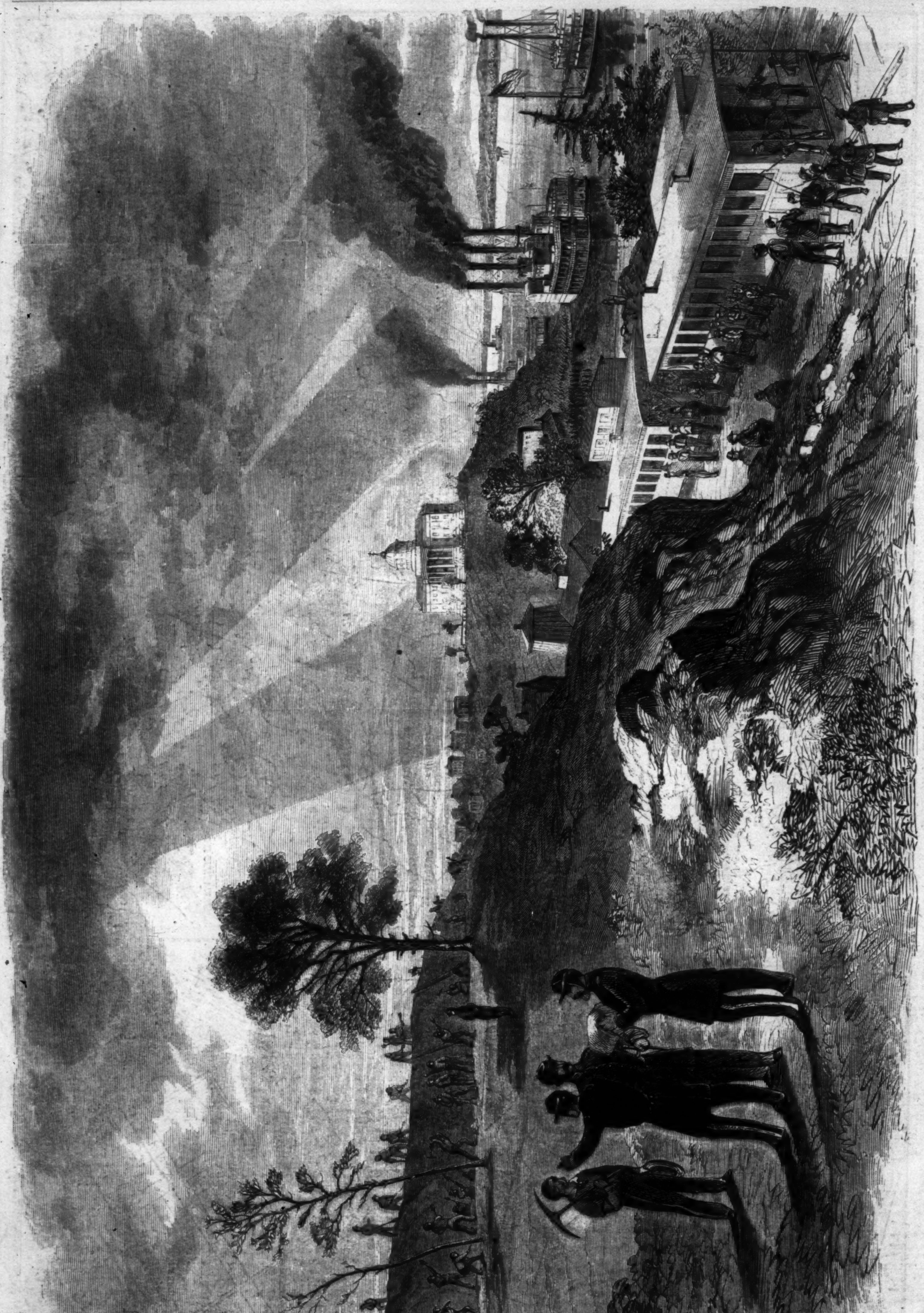
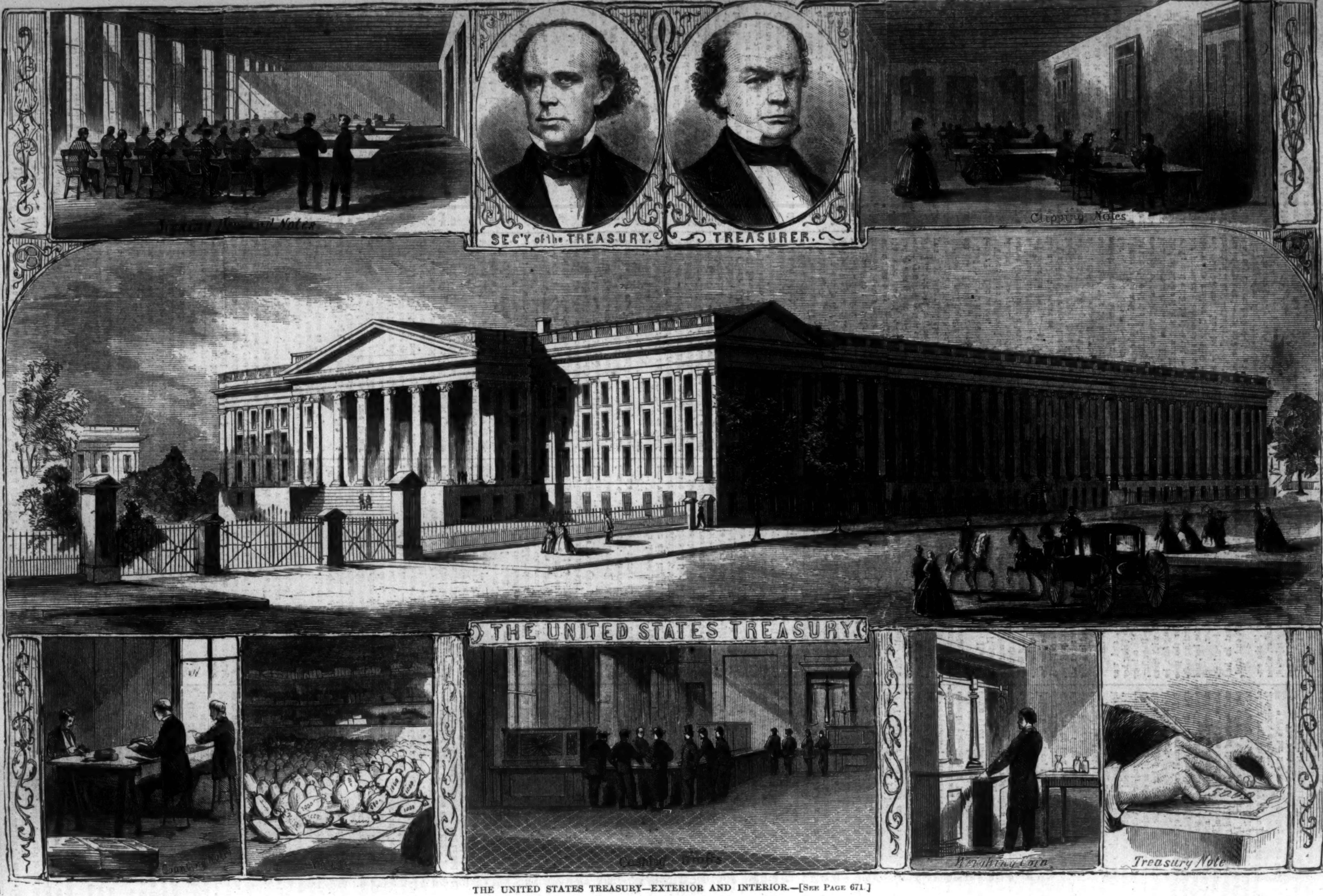
Richmond
Carrollton
Independence
Lexington
Westport
Harrisonv.
Ossawattamie
West Point
Papinsville
Paris
Ft. Scott
Nevada
Butler
Harrisburg
Warrensburg
Marshall
Arrow Rock
Glasgow
Fayette
Rocheport
Columbia
Boonville
Georgetown
Sedalia
Knobnoster
Clinton
Osceola
Warsaw
Roscoe
Lamar
Fremont
Greenfield
De Soto
Carthage
Grand Falls
Neosho
Sarcoxie
Enterprise
Bentonville
Cassville
Mt. Vernon
Springfield
Bolivar
Woodbury
Hermitage
Buffalo
Versailles
Florence
California
Jefferson City
Tuscumbia
Lebanon
Marshfield
Hartsville
Cave Spring
Oakland
Waynesville
Houston
Ellsworth
Rolla
Vienna
Linn
Mt. Sterling
Gasconade
Hermann
Newport
Union
Washington
Franklin
Pacific R.R.
St. Charles
St. Louis
Carondelet
Alton
Mexico
Fulton
Portland
Danville
Montgomery
High Hill
Warrenton
Troy
Bridgeport
Sullivan
Hillsboro
Potosi
Steelville
Montauk
Lesterville
Pilot Knob
Ironton
Iron Mt. R.R.
Ste. Genevieve
Harrison
Waterloo
Belleville
Lebanon
Farmington
Fredericktown
Greenville
Poplar Bluff
Doniphan
Loanson
Eminence
Copper Mines Region
West Plains
Thomasville
Rockbridge
Red Bird
Forsyth
Ozark
Galena
Carrollton
Huntsville
Yellville
Lebanon
Clinton
Pilot Hill
Athens
Batesville
Jacksonport
Smithville
Pocahontas
Martinsburg
Greenboro
Greenfield
Bolivar
Gainsville
Marion
Memphis
Osceola
Bearmans Pt.
New Madrid
Hickman
Union City
Troy
Dresden
Trenton
Humboldt
Gadsden
Brownsville
Ripley
Covington
Randolph
Fort Pillow
Somerville
Moscow
La Grange
Bolivar
Jackson
Purdy
Lexington
Huntingdon
Camden
Paris
Corinth
Memphis & Charleston R.R.
Memphis & Ohio R.R.
Missouri River
Mississippi River
Osage R.
Gasconade R.
Meramec R.
Big Piney Cr.
Niangua R.
White River
Big Black R.
Current R.
Eleven Points R.
Cache R.
L'Anguille R.
St. Francis River
L. St. Francis
White Water R.
Big Sandy R.
Tennessee River
U.S. Overland Mail Route
Battle Ground
Lead Region
R. K. Mts.
To Little Rock
Battery
Valley Creek
Deep Valley
Main Street
Head Quarters of Gen. Davis in command of this post
State House & Battery
Hospitals
Depot
Battery & 5000 troops
Pacific R.R.
Missouri River

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN MISSOURI.

PLAN OF JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.



VIEW OF JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, SHOWING THE NEW FORTIFICATIONS, AND THE ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TROOPS.—[SEE PAGE 658.]


Signing Demand Notes
SEC'Y of the TREASURY.
TREASURER.
Clipping Notes
THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.
Counting Notes
Vault
Cashing Drafts
Weighing Coin
Treasury Note

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR.—[See Page 671.]

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

IT was the 15th of April, 1861—a day to be recorded—to be remembered; for on this day, across countless wires, flashed the startling intelligence, "SURRENDER OF THE FORT AND GARRISON! 75,000 MILITIA CALLED FOR!"

Just back from Europe, in the midst of the rose odors of a lady's boudoir, and surrounded by the costly preparations for a party—laces and jewels and flowers—Edgar Mayne was reading this; Edgar Mayne—sound of heart as of limb—a young Hercules, ardent and impetuous, who for the last three years, at English clubs, and French salons, and Roman cafés, had raved and roared his patriotic belief in the Government of these United States with true American zeal. And now drums were beating and bugles blowing at its dissolution.

"75,000 men! Do you hear that, Caroline? I tell you before three months have elapsed we shall be occupied in fighting, and not flirting; so you might as well put up your flowers and flounces, and all this gauze folly," settling a strong hand down with a contemptuous crush on flowers, and flounces, and "folly."

"75,000! Do you realize it, Caroline?" looking with large brown eyes over the newspaper at the girl there, decking a gauze gown with slips of scarlet kalmia and beads of golden grain. She tossed her head at him with an air.

"Bah! blonde and flowers—that's all the women of to-day are fit for! You girls! what do you care for your country, for liberty or tyranny, so that you can have your fineries?" and rising, he half smiled at his own earnestness, and, passing her, let the strong hand drop caressingly upon her loose silky hair, dropping a remark with it to soften his previous brusquerie; for Edgar Mayne was too well bred to be deliberately rude, *even to his own sister*.

Later in the day, as he sat by the fire absorbed in an evening journal, the mistress of the boudoir put her gem-like face between him and the news with a question:

"Will the state of the country allow you to accompany me to Mrs. Welles's to-night, Edgar?"

He pinched the vivid cheek, and with a little grimace made answer,

"You are pretty, Carrie; but such a doll!"

Then he goes railing off, as young men like to do,

"Oh you women, you pretty women, Carrie!

"'To think men can not take you, sweet,
And enfold you,
Ay and hold you,
And so keep you, what they make you, sweet!'"

Singing the German waltz, she went up the stairs. Three hours after she came down trilling the bars of a Redowa, and enveloped in a white mist of drapery, blooming with flowers—the scarlet kalmia and beads of yellow grain nodding in her hair of dense black—hair cloudy and soft beside a face of dappled rose and white, and violet eyes hiding darkly underneath darker brows and heavy fringes.

Through the mystic changes of the German waltz, and the sweet sliding cadences of the Redowa, there went weaving a solemn strain of dissonance. Into the pauses of the dance stole subtle languors—flowers faded, banners drooped, and the wind flung in through opened windows a quivering, shuddering sigh which every heart repeated.

"How stupid every thing seems! What is the matter?—what ails the night?" asked Caroline Mayne of her companion, young Ryversant, in a disappointed, petulant tone.

He pushed a curtain aside, and they stood in the conservatory.

"What ails the night, Miss Caroline? We've had a shock—an electric shock—and we are a little stunned by it. One can't help thinking, while the horns and bugles are playing in there, of how they will sound a month hence, perhaps, when the bullets are whizzing round our heads."

"Do you really think it will come to that, Mr. Ryversant?"

"I think it is already here."

"Yes, I know there has been a call for troops; but I fancied there'd be a bluster, and then—"

"And then what, Miss Caroline?"

"Why, that both parties would keep on the defensive a while, but that it would finally be settled without bloodshed."

"It will be settled only with the shedding of the best and bravest blood in the country."

She mused. At length, speaking half absently:

"I wonder who will go?"

"I shall go, Miss Caroline."

"You!"—a little start of surprise, covered by a laugh of incredulity; then an exclamation, as she held out a hand with its snowy glove spotted and streaked with crimson stains.

"What is it? Ah! I see; you have cut your hand on that vile Egyptian urn against which you leaned. I did once in this very spot;" and he took the hand commiseratingly.

"No, no, it is nothing of the kind; it is only the red orchis that you gave me—I crushed it between my fingers."

There was a glow upon her cheek as fiery as the red orchis's stain, and a stormy gloom gathering in her eyes, while the little stained palm was dented and crushed by the fingers yet trembling from the effort.

"Ugh! how it looks like blood!" she went on. "Yes, take it off—do. I hope it isn't an omen."

"An omen?"

"Yes, of real bloodshed, and of what may follow if what you say comes true—of death, you know."

"Ah!" and a lifted look of lofty pain crossed his face. "The sin is great, but it shall be washed away in a nation's blood!"

The rapt expression was yet in his eyes as the little hand, soft and cold, lay uncovered in his own; and the absent air with which he kissed it could no woman with a heart and soul gainsay. But the cool touch of the slight fingers brought him back—he was but a man, and a young and ardent one. Lingering over the fair, little hand, he said,

"I want a keepsake to take away with me when I go, Miss Caroline—a guerdon of emprise. Give me this little glove, with its mock blood-stains. It is a fitting token of the present—a symbol of the 'blood-red blossom of war.'"

She shuddered visibly. "Oh no, no, Mr. Ryversant, not that!"

The sudden passion of her manner, the gathering color, the kindling eyes! Up sprang the hope that for six months had been living and dying in his heart. In a moment all the conventionalities had swept by.

"But you will give me something! Oh, Caroline, give me yourself!" And the young fellow bent down his head, and hid his eyes against the little soft hand in that moment of suspense.

There came a stir—a lifted curtain drenched the moonlight in a flood of gas. A ripple of laughter, a rustle of silk, and the apartment had two other occupants. One, a woman, had quickly caught the spirit of the scene. And this woman? She hated Caroline Mayne as women hate sometimes from sheer antagonism of youth and beauty; and hating her, she knew her weak points. She knew that Caroline Mayne had the dangerous reputation of a Clara Vere de Vere—whether deserved or no she did not care to inquire. So, with one of those mischievous impulses which tempt some souls, she dropped this small sneer at their feet.

"Oh! just in time to interrupt your rejection, Mr. Ryversant."

And Caroline Mayne—what did she do? A splendid thing. One moment she hesitated, while the fiery flame of wounded delicacy rose to her cheek and kindled in her eyes. Then, quite clearly, though a little haughty of tone, and with an inscrutable depth in her glance, she made answer:

"You are just in time to give me your congratulations, Miss Wyld. I am happy in owing allegiance to Mr. Ryversant." And over Mr. Ryversant's arm a little ungloved hand went stealing.

If ten minutes before he had thought Caroline Mayne the dearest and fairest of women, what did he think now, in view of her charming courage, her proud and tender generosity? In view of it, his heart thrilling with its sudden rapture of acceptance, a new feeling of reverence touched him so deeply that eyes filled and cheeks flushed. "If I am ever tempted," he said unto himself, "to judge this woman in anger, the memory of this night shall soften all later memories."

Into the German waltz no longer wound the solemn strains of dissonance. The wind no longer sighed in fitful melancholy, the flowers no longer drooped; Death's head had vanished from the feast, and the eternal flower of love bloomed in its place.

Riding home, Edgar Mayne asked his sister,

"What did Lou Wyld mean by your being a subject for congratulation? She met me as she went to her carriage, and said she had just congratulated you on your engagement. Some of her nonsense, I suppose."

"No, it was quite true;" and Caroline, as briefly as possible, related the circumstances of the last half hour. Brief as the relation was, Edgar Mayne perceived in these "circumstances" the peculiar nobility which had so touched the soul of Jerome Ryversant. He bent forward, and scanned her face—touched the lovely falling hair, and the drooping kalmia, and the "gauze folly."

"Carrie, I didn't think it was in you."

"To love?"

"To be so brave. Carrie, do you know what you have done? By this one act you have bound Jerome Ryversant to you by a bond of tender admiration which years of ordinary devotion would not have accomplished."

"You overrate it. I don't see."

"You little girl!" coming over, unchecked now by the clouds of "gauze folly," to sit beside her and put his arm about her. "Don't you see that you did it for him. I see, and so did he, that your soul rose to meet the occasion because you were assailed in your pride and tenderness for him. It wasn't an easy thing to do, Carrie. I can fancy the color mounting, and the storm in your eyes; but it was easier than to let the shadow of a momentary mortification or pain rest upon your lover. No, I didn't think it was in you, Carrie. I give you my congratulations;" bending forward and touching his lips to hers.

"She is really quite splendid!" he thought. "I am glad I know her better."

Did he know her better? Did she know herself better? Let us see.

Three days followed of congratulation, of happiness. The pretty boudoir was odorous with the rarest flowers that a lover could find, and redolent with the fair presences of youth and beauty. Every hour he thought—this young lover—"She is the noblest woman in the world!"

Outside this rose-Eden of youth, and beauty, and happiness the three days were set to sadder music while the 75,000 loyal souls were rapidly gathering under the Stars and Stripes. Did Jerome Ryversant forget that he had promised himself to his country in this newer and nearer promise? In the fair fetters of this rose-Eden did he forget his allegiance to his native land? He was only waiting. At the close of the three days there would be time enough for parting words. So the three days went in a trance of happiness. He saw the sun set upon the last with a sigh that was like the echo of a farewell; and with the sigh yet upon his lips he sought her presence. She was standing by the window, the warm mellow light bathing her beauty in a celestial bloom. The lovely hair half falling, as he liked it best—the lovely figure wearing the colors he approved—and on her breast and in her hair the very flowers he had given her in the morning. The pang of parting struck deeper. She came forward in her pretty, stately way, her head drooped to him, her proud lips melting into a smile, and a conscious color rising.

"What is the matter? Has any body hurt you? as we say to little Nell," she asked him. He never answered; but the glance he dropped down upon her, yearning and mournful, the touch of his hand, lingering and tender, like a benediction upon her head, while a sigh tore up from his heart like a sob—all this was more eloquent than words, and in affright she put her question a second time with affectionate alarm.

"What *is* the matter, dear? What has happened?"

He drew her nearer, bending down his gaze to meet hers.

"I was thinking of what *is* to happen, dearest—that the time draws nearer. It seems harder now, though I have the heart I sought for a 'guerdon of emprise.'"

She looked puzzled, shook her head, and said, questioningly, "I don't understand."

He watched her a moment as she leaned against his arm—soft tints of rose, and violet darks—all a flower made to wear in one's bosom, to

"Sing and say for,
Watch and pray for."

And as he watched a fear shot into his heart—*she didn't understand!* Then he said, softly, drawing her closer still, to ease the ache,

"My regiment you know, it leaves soon."

"Well?"

"*Wouldn't* she understand?"

He waited a second—her face was out of sight—he was holding it in his breast; and she was quite still. Presently he spoke,

"I go with it as—"

"You!" The utter coldness of the tone, the ringing resonance, as she ejaculated this one word, sounded like an accusation—like an accusation, pale and fierce, rose the clear-cut face, and she looked at him. He met the gaze tenderly, but sorrowfully. She waited for him to speak.

"You have forgotten, dear," he said at length, "that"—he paused a moment, hushing his heart at the memory of "that time"—"you have forgotten I told you four nights ago that I was going."

"Then!—but now—all is changed since then. Is life no dearer to you? Do you owe it to none other than yourself?" The clear-cut face gathered color, and the eyes began to fill with hot tears.

"Caroline!"—he met the angry crimson, the tearful tones, with a firm gaze: he answered steadily, "I owe it to my country!"

She laughed in bitter scorn, then said, derisively, "To your country! Wait till you are needed more imperatively; thousands are ready to go, are going; thousands abler than you. Why should you rush thus hastily forward? It is a madness; a piece of folly: you are excited with the occasion. Because others are going you go; and you call it patriotism, courage. It is neither; you are a coward, because you dare not stay behind. And more than that, you love your own glory better than you love me!"

Conflicting passions reflected themselves in the face of her listener. Sorrow, tenderness, and a man's honor shone there: all three dictated his reply:

"Caroline, you do not know what you say, or you would never say it. I love you, because I honor you and admire you above all other women. I love you as I love all that is beautiful and true; for you are to me the representative of every thing beautiful and true: and so to love you is to love my honor and duty. How then could I do less?"

The passionate tears she shed, the wild words of denial she uttered, were not all passion and wildness. It was her first grief; and out of an aching heart sprang all this fierce emotion. From the soul's most sacred recesses of tenderness came the hot tide of agony that translated itself in taunts and reproaches. Perhaps something of this was apparent to her listener; for through the harshest taunt, the cruelest reproach, he possessed himself. Perhaps one memory still more possessed him—a remembrance of that night, four days agone, when the world was transfigured for him, and when on the altar of his soul he made a vow to let all judgments soften to that hour. They softened now into clear, concise answers, perfectly manly, and perfectly tender; but they failed to convince or soften. To all this forbearance she returned only sharp reproach or bitter scorn, and lastly drew from her finger its one special ring, dropped it into his hand, from whence it fell untaken to the floor, gave him her stateliest courtesy for a "good-by," and swept from the room. Half stupefied with the shock, the young fellow stood a moment gazing vacantly before him, murmuring, incoherently, "And this is the end—this is the end!"

It was thus Edgar Mayne found him. He went up to him asking the same question his sister had put a few minutes before under such different circumstances, "What is the matter?" but in that instant his eye caught the gleam of the diamond flashing out like a star against the soft glooms of the carpet. "Ah!" and he looked sadly into the face before him, as he lifted it—"A lover's quarrel!" A bad time for that now, on the eve of his departure, however. He would ask no questions; but all questions were anticipated, were answered in a few brief words.

Edgar Mayne was indignant.

"The girl is crazy!" he ejaculated, and was rushing from the room to tell her so, to bring her down before them, in his impulse, when the calmer reason of Jerome Ryversant stayed him. But after, when he had bade his guest good-night, with tears in his eyes, and haunted by his suffering face, he sought her. He was not prepared for the pale look of agony that met him, and his greeting softened; but his errand was enough to rouse her, and something of the old scorn returned to her.

"But you can not see," he returned, impatiently, to her persistent accusations, "that he had pledged not only his word, but his heart and soul, to this cause in the very outset."

"That was before!—that was before!" she exclaimed, with quick significance; "and after, when hundreds are pressing forward, and many rejected, why should he leave me, and so soon? No, do not argue with me—I am only secondary. I thought him finer than other men, but I was mistaken; it is their own glory first—then a woman's love. If I never marry I will not take a man who makes me second in his heart. I must reign there, the first consideration; his first honor and glory, as he shall reign in mine."

"But—" He stopped, wise enough to see that only time could open her eyes to her error—time and remorse; that his words were wasted; and worse than that, adding still more to her determination.

As abruptly as he had entered he left her presence, left her to the sharp, burning pain, the consuming passion, that devastates such proud, concentrative natures.

Thus days went on in this wild inward war which gave no outward sign. In the time she asked no questions, she made no allusion to the past; but secretly and alone she devoured every crumb of information that the newspapers offered. She, who hated politics and newspapers!

One day, in a long list of names, she read one that sent every vestige of color from her cheek—Jerome Ryversant! If she had had any hope of his relenting, it was over now; but even here she gave no sign—there was still an outward calm.

Three days more and he would be gone. Gone! it was a bitter word.

The night of the third day came drearily to many a heart—to none more drearily than to her, sitting apart and alone in a rose-hued boudoir. The sickly scent of faded flowers filled the room—his flowers. The curtains were undrawn, the chairs and couches still strewn with the trifles that had occupied them ten days agone. All as *he* had left it. In this sepulchre the proud heart struggled on.

For these last three days her brother had caught no glimpse of her. But on the last night, somewhere between the hours of twelve and one, a little knock came outside his door, and her voice called him. He was sitting writing, and, somewhat startled, bade her come in. The face that greeted him startled still more. Its rose-bloom was gone—youth itself seemed to have departed. So touching was the sight that his eyes filled, and he received her with more kindliness than he had evinced since that fatal night. Was she ill? he inquired.

She hesitated a moment, then told her errand. She would see Jerome Ryversant once more before he sailed. Would her brother aid her to this? There was no time to lose, for at dawn they might have left the city; but let him understand her: she had not changed her mind—this was not to acknowledge that—it was no reunion, but *she would see him once again!*

At what he considered unpardonable obstinacy, Edgar Mayne was again indignant; but another look at the pale, worn face, and he consented to undertake the mission.

To Jerome Ryversant he communicated the letter and spirit of her words. For a moment his eye blazed, and the man's passion rose angrily. Then the memory of another night came up. He remembered her, proud and tender and brave for his sake; he remembered his vow as well, and signified his readiness to go to her.

* * *

The lights were all down but one in the "rose-Eden"—that one, burning through pale purple glass, sent forth over the room a mystical radiance. Into this room Edgar Mayne conducted young Ryversant, leaving him at the door.

As the two looked at each other after the door closed upon them, they realized, perhaps, something more of the change suffering had wrought. But to her it had wrought much more of change in these three days than the whole time had wrought to him. He was upheld by the sublime knowledge of sacrifice, of patriotism, of right; plunged, too, into the midst of unparalleled excitements.

She, nursing an insane sense of wrong, born of her defective education as a woman—of her ignorance; alone, too, in the inaction of domestic life, had hung out the pale colors of distress. Seeing her thus, he knew she loved him, though still blinded to the right. Seeing *him*, with a flush upon his cheek, uniformed and eager, she still less believed his love.

So her voice came coldly:

"I sent for you," she said, slowly, and with painful effort. "We parted angrily, which was not wise nor well for what may be a final parting. In my view of your undertaking I yet hold the same opinions; but we will part as friends should."

He came forward and took her hands. Once more he pleaded with her. She heard him sadly, not angrily, but yet unbelieving. He glanced down upon the fair little hands he held, but his ring had never been replaced. She was fearfully in earnest then—it was only a friendly "good-by." So, bending down, he dropped a kiss upon the two hands; and lifting his head, with a "God bless you, Caroline!" was about to go, when the ghastly pallor of her face, the faint drooping of her figure, stayed him. She had no strength, nor any will to resist, as he took her in his arms. Very quietly she rested there, and when once or twice his hand went caressingly down her hair a tear forced itself through the shut eyelids.

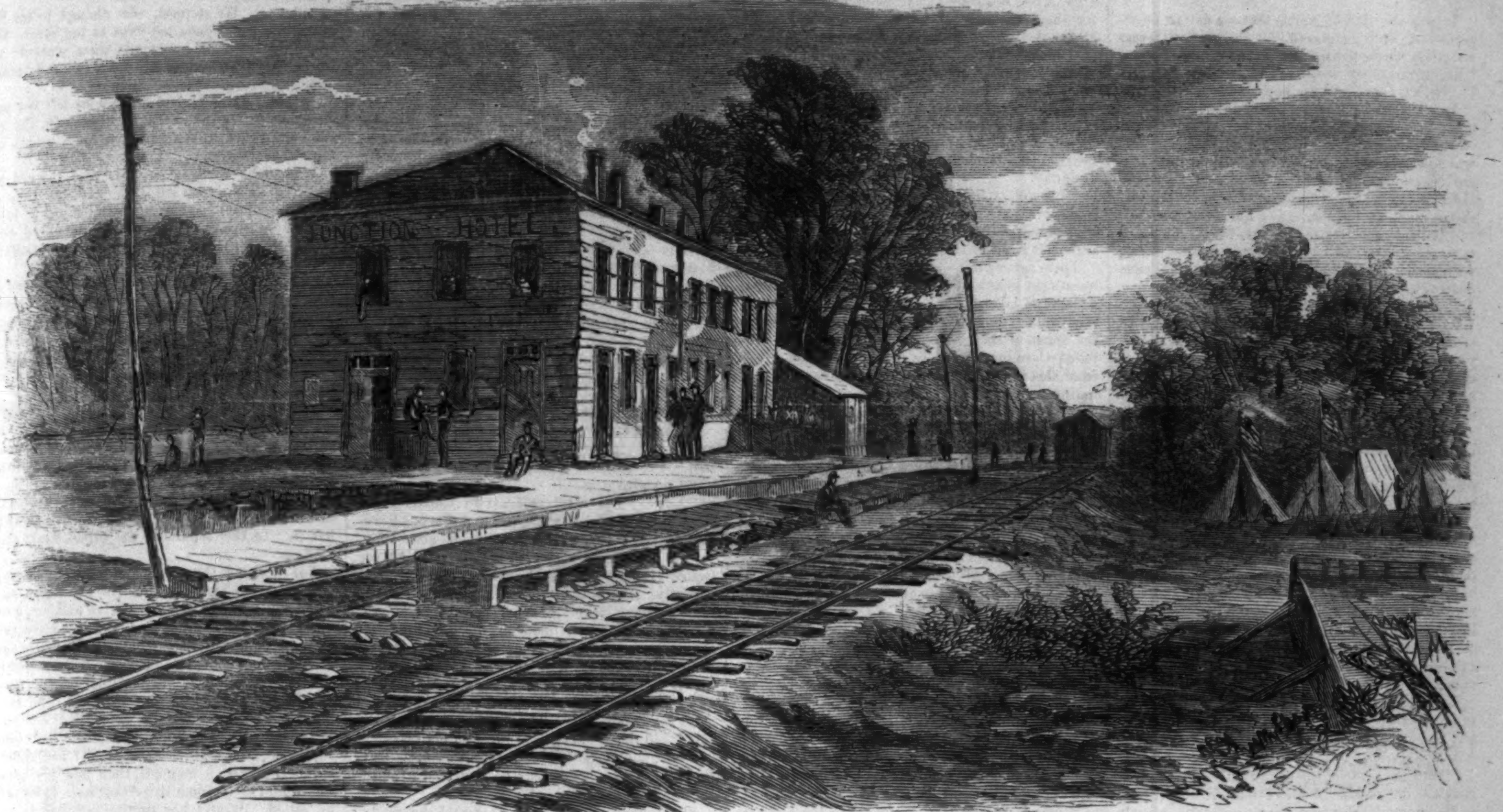
At length, rousing herself, with a motion of her hand she bent his head and voluntarily kissed him, "Good-by!" He held her tightly a moment more—then the rose boudoir had but one occupant, and this one was heedless of all pain and passion until the dawn recalled her from her unconsciousness to life and misery.

Later, her maid coming in opened the window, and the fresh draught blowing through fluttered something that looked like a star-flower from its resting-place upon the floor, and blew it to her breast. She shuddered; then kissed it passionately—one of those little silken emblems—a cockade of red, white, and blue. Last night it glittered on the breast of Jerome Ryversant. Almost at the very instant a boy's young voice ascended, lark-like, singing,

"With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue!"

Following this wound the notes of a bugle; then the long-rolling call of a drum; and the city was astir with the warlike preparations.

How that morning went she never knew, and other mornings came finding her saddened but



LEBANON JUNCTION, 29 MILES FROM LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD, PRESENT HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S BRIGADE OF UNION TROOPS.—Sketched by Henry Mosler.—[See Page 671.]

alert, with a serious watchfulness. A week after, when her brother announced his own determination to join in the struggle, she did not gainsay it.

On her table now, in place of romances, newspapers and books pertaining to the various struggles for liberty in other countries, and all manner of patriotic addresses that had gone forth from this, found place. She was learning a new lesson. It filled her soul with sorrow and perplexity, but it elevated and enlarged it.

So the days lengthened into weeks.

There came at last a day that will never be forgotten. In one portion of the land church bells were ringing and organ strains ascending on the summer air. In another,

"All into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

Sitting in church that morning, through the solemn sweetness of the chants Caroline Mayne was haunted by one sentence—"I owe it to my country!" The organ strains sounded to her like the dirge of hope, and the hymn had notes of wailing in it. "I owe it to my country!" That noble life! Was he even then, perhaps, giving it up? She drooped her flushed face, lifting her handkerchief as a shield, when lo! there dropped from out its folds the little silken token he had left behind—red, white, and blue! At such times, to imaginative persons, such simple occurrences come like omens. As such it came to her; and there, in the summer warmth, she grew chill with her emotions.

When, shortly afterward, the awful news came of that vain struggle she felt that her soul had been warned. Then followed the uncertainty of life or death for the beloved. In silence and alone she waited.

One day the bells rang, the cannon roared, and shouts of welcome rent the air. At a sheltered window a fair figure stoled in white watched the returning heroes. Her watch is rewarded: but she can scarcely see for tears as a proud head lifts itself above the others to her vision; and in close company her brother—Edgar Mayne—both safe and before her!

When a bouquet, small and delicate, fell at Jerome Ryversant's feet, he did not doubt its source nor its meaning as he looked at it. A bunch of scarlet kalmias, and red orchis, and beads of golden grain surrounding one rose—a white rose, the heart's gift—and girdling it all a circle of laurel. Thus she spoke to him from her sheltered window. Thus she made her confessions.

Later, when he held her to his heart, with the same noble simplicity which had so endeared her at first, she briefly said,

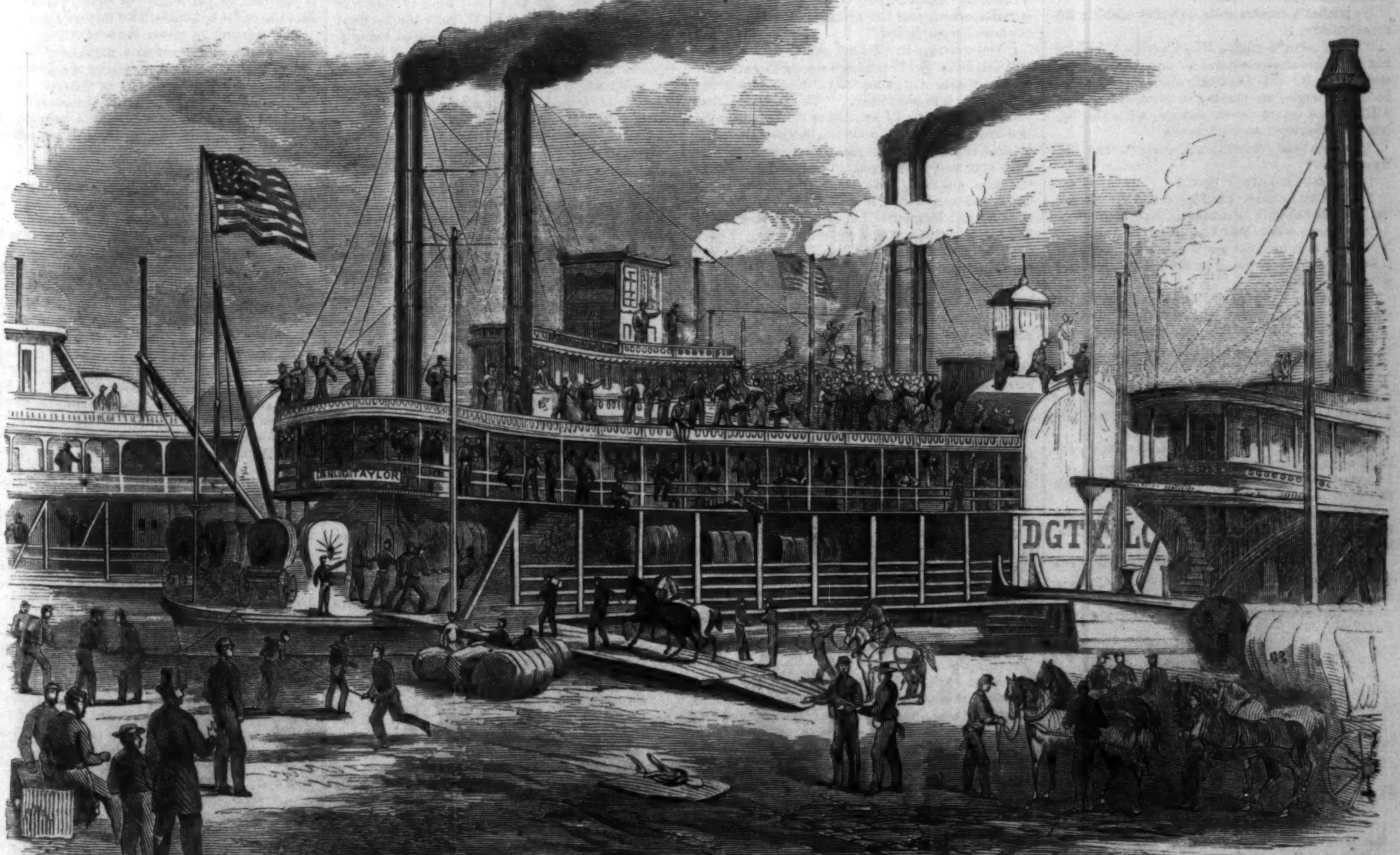
"I was wrong, and you were right; but I sinned through ignorance. Life has wider meanings to me now. This war has been my education."

How truly she said he began to realize as he saw with what clear perceptions she put mere personal ends away and flung her sympathies into the common cause.

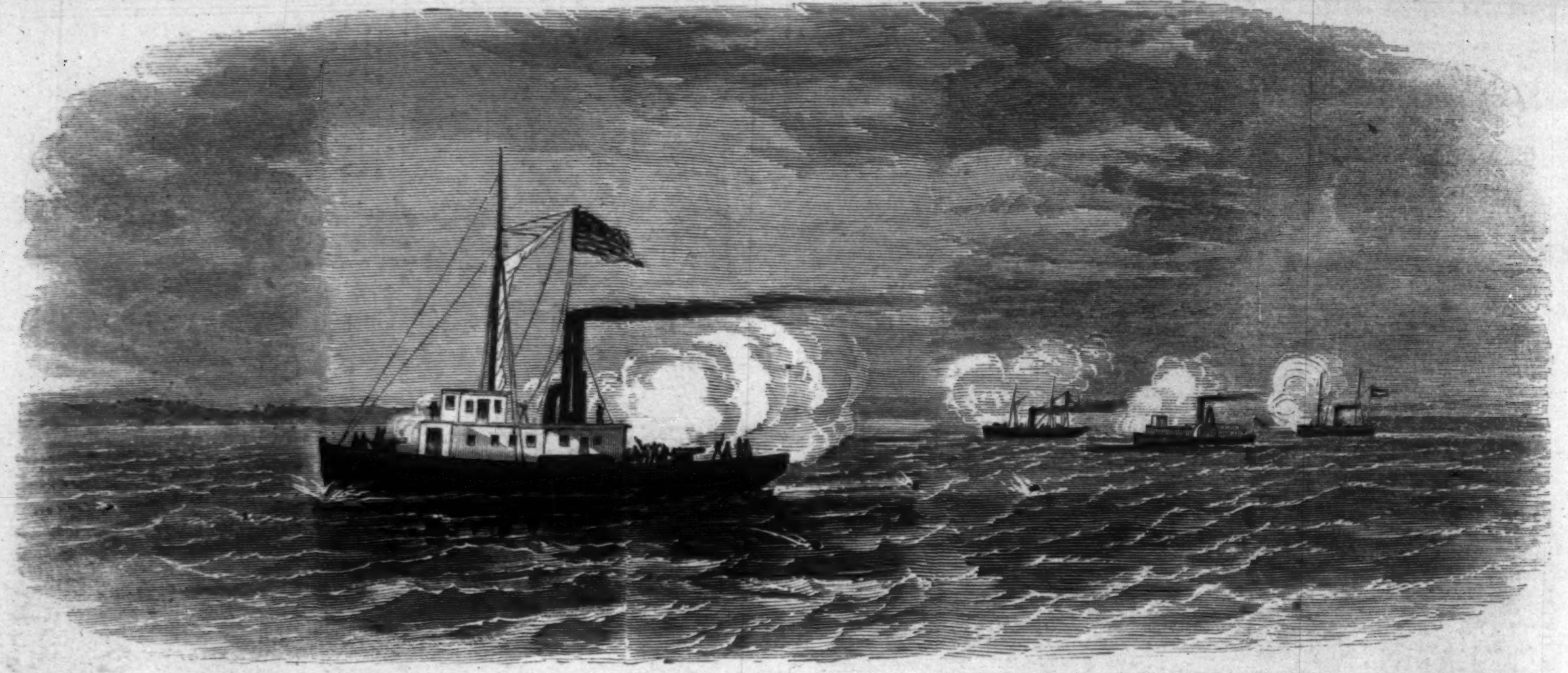
He realized it more fully when, a month later, sitting in the "rose-Eden," he put his future in her hands. Should he stay or go? A little lower dropped the head, a little colder grew the clasping hand, a little broken came the sweetest voice, as she answered:

"If three months ago the country needed the services of brave men, we know it needs them now. As you would give up for its cause what is dearer than your own life, I give what is dearer than mine."

While we await the result of this war to our country let us hope that its lessons have been thus nobly received, and that from the claims of pleasure, the fetters of fashion, other women may be able to renounce mere personal ends, and give up with such spiritual insight of love what is dearer than their own lives—what is dearer than any life—a country's salvation. And when they drape their rooms with banners and silken symbols, let them think of the meaning of this—"Red, White, and Blue."



EMBARKATION OF THE NINTH MISSOURI REGIMENT, COLONEL KELTON, AT ST. LOUIS, FOR LEXINGTON.—Sketched by Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 658.]



CAPTURE OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "FANNY," AT CHICKAMACOMICO, NORTH CAROLINA, BY THREE REBEL TUG-BOATS.

THE HOLOCAUST.

Within our country's sacred fane
  Low burns the altar's flickering light,
Trembling we watch it slowly wane—
  That lost, what star shall guide our night?

Then gather round that holy flame,
  And bring your choicest offerings here;
What dearest victims can ye name
  For such a sacrifice too dear?

Pour forth your blood, pile up your gold—
  'Tis well, but more than these we need;
No nation's life is bought and sold,
  Nor saved alone by valorous deed.

Then here your cherished vices bring,
  Your luxury's degrading ease,
The reckless pride with which ye cling
  To wealth's most abject vanities;

Your worship of successful fraud,
  Your want of faith in nobler aims,
Your blind self-seeking, and the broad
  Ignoring of all loftier claims;

Your partisanship, which beguiles
  To faction's aid its clamorous tools,
Your apathy, which feebly smiles
  When power is gained by knaves and fools.

Come, offer in our solemn rite
  Each sordid vice and low desire;
Rise up in manhood's simple might,
  And naught shall quench our altar's fire.

L.

THE CAPTURE OF THE TRANSPORT "FANNY."

We learn from Fortress Monroe of the capture of the Union gun-boat *Fanny*. She had on board twenty-five of the Indiana soldiers, including the Quarter-master and Sutler, all of whom were taken prisoners. The captain and a portion of the crew of the *Fanny* escaped. The capture was effected by three rebel tug-boats, which put out from Roanoke Island.

The master of the *Fanny* says:

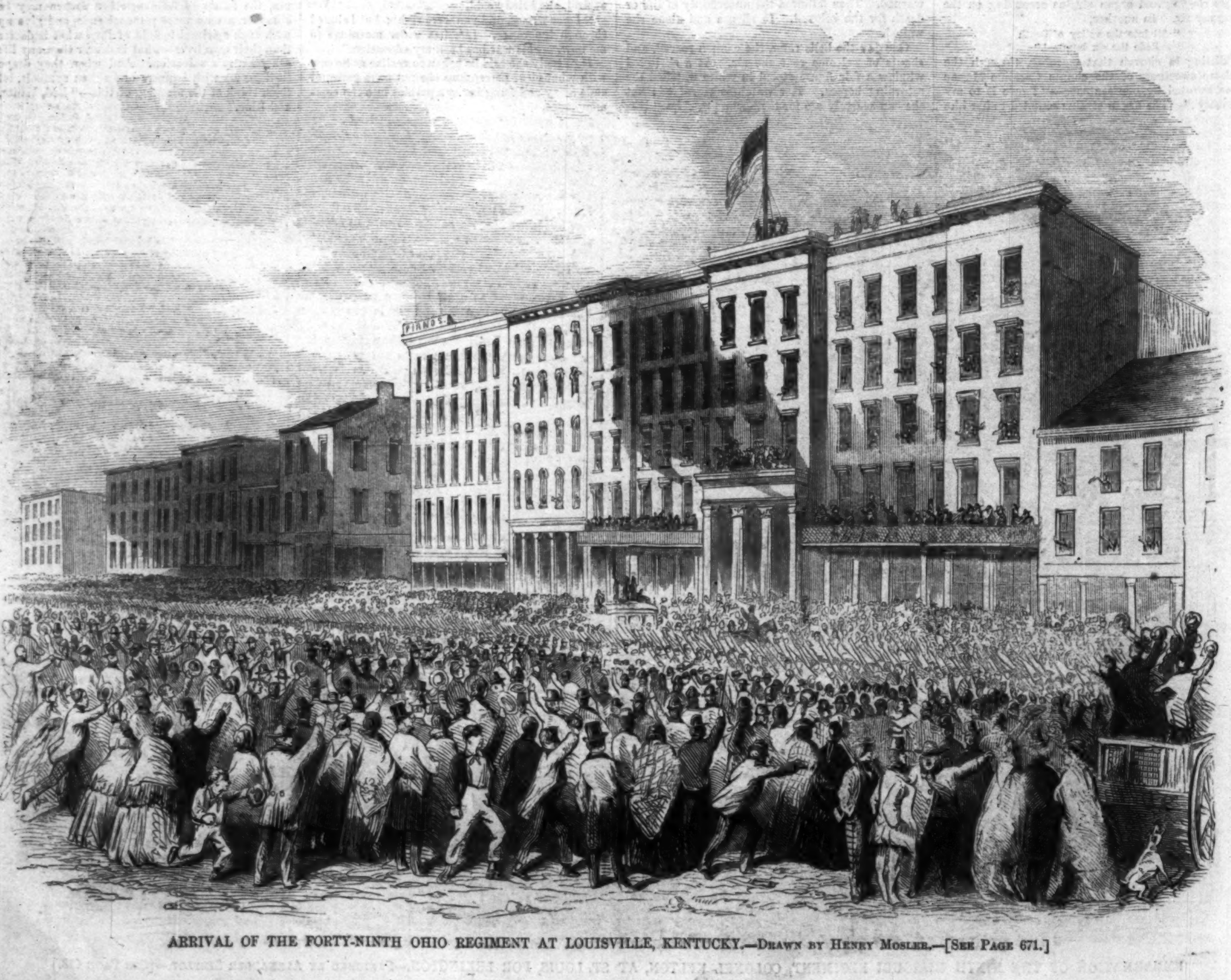
"I left in the steamer *Fanny* at 6 o'clock A.M. [Oct. 1] for Chickamacomico, or Loggerhead Inlet, arriving there at 1 o'clock P.M. We anchored in about eight feet of water, and waited there 2½ hours before we got communication from shore. They then fetched a flat-boat off and loaded her with an assorted cargo, stores, tents, etc. When the boat had shoved off and got about two-thirds of the way on shore we saw a steamboat to westward about 4 o'clock P.M., which proved to be one of the enemy. She was standing to cut off our retreat, and in a short time two more appeared steering directly for us. The first one then stood in and commenced firing upon us, and as soon as the other two came up they did the same. We returned the fire with nine shots, striking one of the boats in the bow. Then Captain Hart of the Twentieth Indiana regiment, suggested that we should surrender, saying that it was no use fighting against such odds, and requested me to hoist the white flag. The mate of the boat and a few soldiers turned to and threw overboard some thirty cases of ammunition, and Captain Hart forbid them to throw any more overboard. He likewise requested the Sergeant to desist, which he refused to do, saying it would be worse for them if they were taken prisoners.

"Captain Hart then suggested that the chain be slipped and the boat run ashore, which was done. The white flag was then hoisted, and the crew of the boat left in their boats. We endeavored to get boats to carry the soldiers off the *Fanny*, but could not do so.

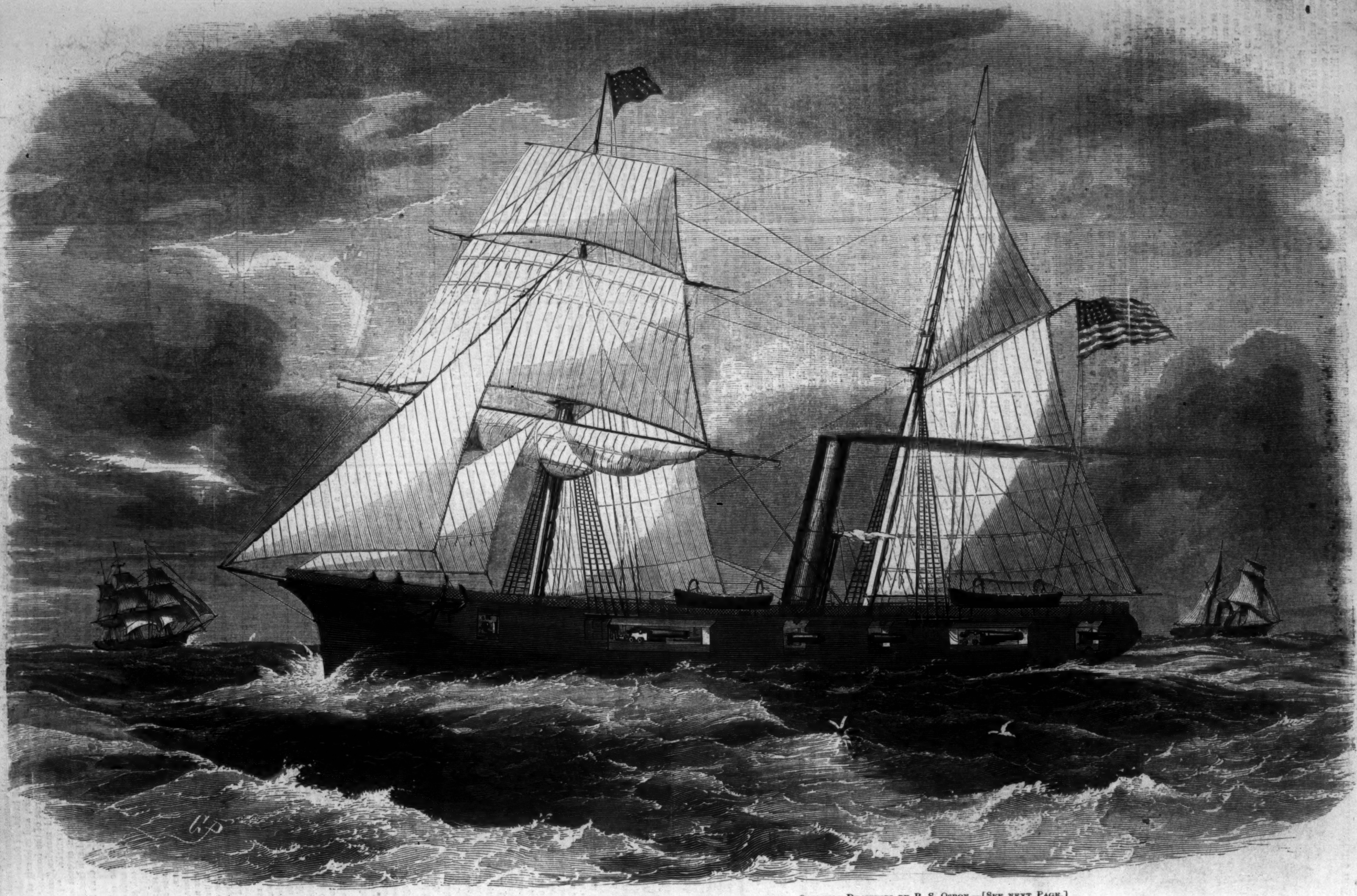
"To the best of my opinion they had plenty of time, from our arrival to that of the enemy's boats, to have got every thing on shore from the *Fanny*, if sufficient boats had been employed in the transportation of the stores, so that we could have destroyed the *Fanny* before she should have fallen into the hands of the rebels.

"We left there about 6 P.M., and arrived here about 7 A.M. on the 2d instant.

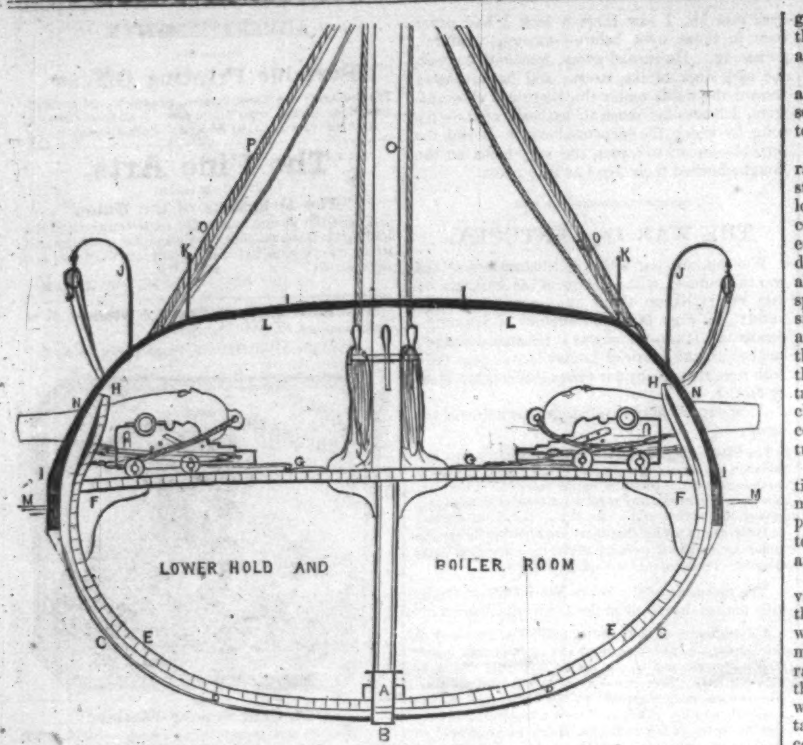
"W. H. Morrison."



ARRIVAL OF THE FORTY-NINTH OHIO REGIMENT AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—Drawn by Henry Mosler.—[See Page 671.]



THE IRON-CLAD WAR-STEAMER NOW BUILDING AT MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT.—Sketched from the Original Drawings by B. S. Osbon.—[See next Page.]



A, Keelson.—B, Keel.—C, Outer planking.—D, Ribs.—E, Inside planking.—F, Knees.—G, Gun deck.—H, Main rail (wood).—I, Iron plating.—J, Boat davits,—K, Hand rail.—L, Upper deck, bomb-proof.—M, Water-line.—N, Port-holes.—O. Mast.—P. Rigging.

MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE IRON-CLAD SHIP.

THE NEW IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT.

WE publish on page 669 a picture of THE NEW IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT, which is now being constructed at Mystic, Connecticut, by C. H. Bushnell, of New Haven. The following accurate description is from the *Herald:*

This vessel, the first one built in this country, will be about one thousand tons register. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, two hundred feet; extreme breadth, thirty-six feet six inches; depth of hold, twelve feet eight inches; draught of water, about eleven feet.

The keel is of white oak, sided fourteen inches, in depth fourteen inches. Garboard strakes are six inches in thickness; bottom plank four inches thick; wales four and a half inches in thickness. The bottom plank are fastened with three locust tree-nails and one composition spike in each strake.

The engine and boiler keelsons will be of white oak and yellow pine, and of such dimensions as will be deemed proper by the engineer department.

The frame of the vessel will be entirely solid. Ordinarily large spaces are left between the ribs and timbers of vessels, but here they will be made solid with "fillings." Some idea can be formed of the thickness of the vessel when we say that it is twenty inches from the outside to the inside before the iron plating is put upon her.

The beams are of yellow pine, twelve by nine and a half inches, and the deck plank will be of the same material, four inches in thickness.

The cabins, ward-room, and steerages will be fitted up similar to those in the new gun-boats just launched. She has one flush deck, which is the fighting deck. Forward and aft will be half decks for officers, etc., but the engines and boilers will of course occupy the midship portion of it. The fighting deck, as well as the two half decks, are of wood, but the upper deck is only the upper part of the bomb-proof which covers the gunners. There will be no houses or guns on this deck, and it will be only used for a promenade and to work the ship while under canvas. The companion-ways will give access to the deck from below. A series of iron stanchions are placed around this deck, on which are placed a wire netting to prevent persons from falling overboard.

She will be brig rigged forward and schooner rigged aft, so that she will in rig be a hermaphrodite brig. These spars will be light, as she will depend principally on her steaming powers. She will have a small bowsprit, made of iron, but it will not project outside of the vessel more than four feet.

She will carry four boats at her davits, which hoist sufficiently high to be out of the way of the guns.

All the standing rigging will be of wire rope, which is less liable to be cut by fragments of shell.

The steersman will be located below decks, and a lookout forward will signal to him while at the after wheel, and when he is at the forward wheel he can see for himself.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE conversation with Mrs. Poyntz left my mind restless and disquieted. I had no doubt, indeed, of Lilian's truth; but could I be sure that the attentions of a young man with advantages of fortune so brilliant would not force on her thoughts the contrast of the humbler lot and the duller walk of life in which she had accepted as companion a man removed from her romantic youth less by disparity of years than by gravity of pursuits? And would my suit now be as welcomed as it had been by a mother even so unworldly as Mrs. Ashleigh? It perplexed me, too, that neither mother nor daughter should have given me no cause in their letters to suspect that I had a rival in this favorite of fortune. Lilian's letters, it is true, touched but little on any of the persons round her—they were filled with the outpourings of an ingenuous heart, colored by the glow of a golden fancy. They were written as if in the wide world we two stood apart, alone, consecrated from the crowd by the love that, in linking us together, hallowed each to each. But Mrs. Ashleigh's letters had been more general and diffusive, detailed the habits of the household, sketched the guests, intimated continued fear of Lady Haughton, but had said nothing more of Mr. Ashleigh Sumner than I had repeated to Mrs. Poyntz. However, in my letter to Lilian I related the intelligence that had reached me, and impatiently I awaited her reply.

Three days after the interview with Mrs. Poyntz, and two days before the long-anticipated event of the mayor's ball, I was summoned to attend a nobleman who had lately been added to my list of patients, and whose residence was about twelve miles from L——. The nearest way was through Sir Philip Derval's park. I went on horseback, and proposed to stop on the way to inquire after the steward, whom I had seen but once since his fit, and that was two days after it, when he called himself at my house to thank me for my attendance, and to declare that he was quite recovered; fearful, no doubt, that I might otherwise want to make a long bill out of him.

As I rode somewhat fast through Sir P. Derval's park, I came, however, upon the steward, just in front of the house. I reined in my horse and accosted him. He looked very cheerful.

"Sir," said he, in a whisper, "I have heard from Sir Philip; his letter is dated since—since—my good woman told you what I saw; well, since then. So that it must have been all a delusion of mine, as you told her. And yet, well—well—we will not talk of it, doctor. But I hope you have kept the secret. Sir Philip would not like to hear of it if he comes back."

"Your secret is quite safe with me. But is Sir Philip likely to come back?"

"I hope so, doctor. His letter is dated Paris, and that's nearer home than he has been for many years; and—but bless me—some one coming out of the house? a young gentleman! Who can it be?"

I looked, and to my surprise I saw Margrave descending the stately stairs that led from the front door. The steward turned toward him, and I mechanically followed, for I was curious to know what brought Margrave to the house of the long-absent traveler.

It was easily explained. Mr. Margrave had heard at L—— much of the pictures and internal decorations of the mansion. He had by dint of coaxing (he said, with his enchanting laugh) persuaded the old housekeeper to show him the rooms.

"It is against Sir Philip's positive orders to show the house to any stranger, Sir; and the housekeeper has done very wrong," said the steward.

"Pray don't scold her. I dare say Sir Philip would not have refused me a permission he might not give to every idle sight-seer. Fellow-travelers have a freemasonry with each other; and I have been much in the same far countries as himself. I heard of him there, and could tell you more about him, I dare say, than you know yourself."

"You, Sir! pray do then."

"The next time I come," said Margrave, gayly; and with a nod to me he glided off through the trees of the neighboring grove, along the winding foot-path that led to the lodge.

"A very cool gentleman," muttered the steward; "but what a pleasant way with him! You seem to know him, doctor. Who is he—may I ask?"

"Mr. Margrave. A visitor at L——, and he has been a great traveler, as he says; perhaps he met Sir Philip abroad."

"I must go and hear what he said to Mrs. Gates; excuse me, Sir, but I am so anxious about Sir Philip."

"If it be not too great a favor, may I be allowed the same privilege granted to Mr. Margrave? To judge by the outside of the house, the inside must be worth seeing; still, if it be against Sir Philip's positive orders—"

"His orders were not to let the Court become a show-house—to admit none without my consent; and I should be ungrateful indeed, doctor, if I refused that consent to you."

I tied my horse to the rusty gate of the terrace-walk, and followed the steward up the broad stairs of the terrace. The great doors were unlocked. We entered a lofty hall with a domed ceiling; at the back the grand staircase ascended by a double flight. The design was undoubtedly Vanbrugh's, an architect who, beyond all others, sought the effect of grandeur less in space than in proportion. But Vanbrugh's designs need the relief of costume and movement, and the forms of a more pompous generation, in the bravery of velvets and laces, glancing amidst those gilded columns, or descending with stately tread those broad palatial stairs. His halls and chambers are so made for festival that they become ineffably desolate and gloomy amidst solitude and decay.

The housekeeper had now appeared—a quiet, timid old woman. She excused herself for admitting Margrave, not very intelligibly. It was plain to see that she had, in truth, been unable to resist what the steward had called his "pleasant ways."

As if to escape from a scolding, she talked volubly all the time, bustling nervously through the rooms, along which I followed her guidance with a hushed footstep. The principal apartments were on the ground-floor, or rather a floor raised some ten or fifteen feet above the ground; they had not been modernized since the date in which they were built. Hangings of faded silk; tables of rare marble, and mouldered gilding; comfortless chairs at drill against the walls; pictures, of which connoisseurs alone could estimate the value, darkened by dust or blistered by sun and damp, made a general character of discomfort. On not one room, on not one nook, still lingered some old smile of Home.

Meanwhile, I gathered from the old woman's rambling-answers to questions put to her by the steward, as I moved on, glancing at the pictures, that Margrave's visit that day was not his first. He had been over the house twice before; his ostensible excuse that he was an amateur in pictures (though I knew, as I have before observed, that for that department of art he had no taste); but each time he had talked much of Sir Philip. He said that, though not personally known to him, he had resided in the same towns abroad, and had friends intimate with Sir Philip; but when the steward inquired if the visitor had given any information as to the absentee, it became very clear that Margrave had been rather asking questions than volunteering intelligence.

We had now got to the end of the state apartments, the last of which was a library. "And," said the old woman, "I don't wonder the gentleman knew Sir Philip, for he seemed a scholar, and looked very hard over the books, especially those old ones by the fire-place, which Sir Philip, Heaven bless him! was always poring into."

Mechanically I turned to the shelves by the fire-place, and examined the volumes ranged in that department. I found they contained the works of those writers whom we may class together under the title of mystics—Porhyry and Plotinus; Swedenborg and Behmen; Sandivogius, Van Helmont, and Cardan. Works, too, were there, by writers less renowned, on astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, etc. I began to understand among what class of authors Margrave had picked up the strange notions with which he was apt to interpolate the doctrines of practical philosophy.

"I suppose this library was Sir Philip's usual sitting-room?" said I.

"No, Sir; he seldom sat here. This was his study;" and the old woman opened a small door, masked by false book backs. I followed her into a room of moderate size, and evidently of much earlier date than the rest of the house. "It is the only room of the old mansion," said the steward, in answer to my remarks. "I have heard it was left standing on account of the chimney-piece. But there is a Latin inscription which will tell you all about it. I don't know Latin myself," said the steward.

The chimney-piece reached to the ceiling. The frieze of the lower part rested on rude stone caryatides; in the upper part were oak panels very curiously carved in the geometrical designs favored by the taste prevalent in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but different from any I had ever seen in drawings of old houses. And I was not quite unlearned in such matters, for, as I have before said, my poor father was a passionate antiquarian in all that relates to medieval art. The design in the oak panels was composed of triangles interlaced with varied ingenuity, and inclosed in circular bands inscribed with the signs of the Zodiac.

On the stone frieze supported by the caryatides, immediately under the wood-work, was inserted a metal plate, on which was written, in Latin, a few lines to the effect that "in this room, Simon Forman, the seeker of hidden truth, taking refuge from unjust persecution, made those discoveries in nature which he committed, for the benefit of a wiser age, to the charge of his protector and patron, the worshipful Sir Miles Derval, knight."

Forman! The name was not quite unfamiliar to me; but it was not without an effort that my memory enabled me to assign it to one of the most notorious of those astrologers or soothsayers whom the superstition of an earlier age alternately persecuted and honored.

The rest of the room was more cheerful than the statelier chamber I had passed, for it had still the look of habitation. The arm-chair by the fire-place; the knee-hole writing-table beside it; the sofa near the recess of a large bay-window, with book-prop and candlestick screwed to its back; maps, coiled in their cylinders, ranged under the cornice; low strong safes, or cupboards, probably for papers and title-deeds, skirting two sides of the room, with articles familiar to modern use on their ample shelves; a fowling-piece here; fishing-rods there; two or three simple flower vases; a pile of music-books; a box of crayons—all seemed to speak of residence and ownership—had the idiosyncrasies of a lone single man, it is true, but of a man of one's own time—a country squire of plain habits but not uncultivated tastes.

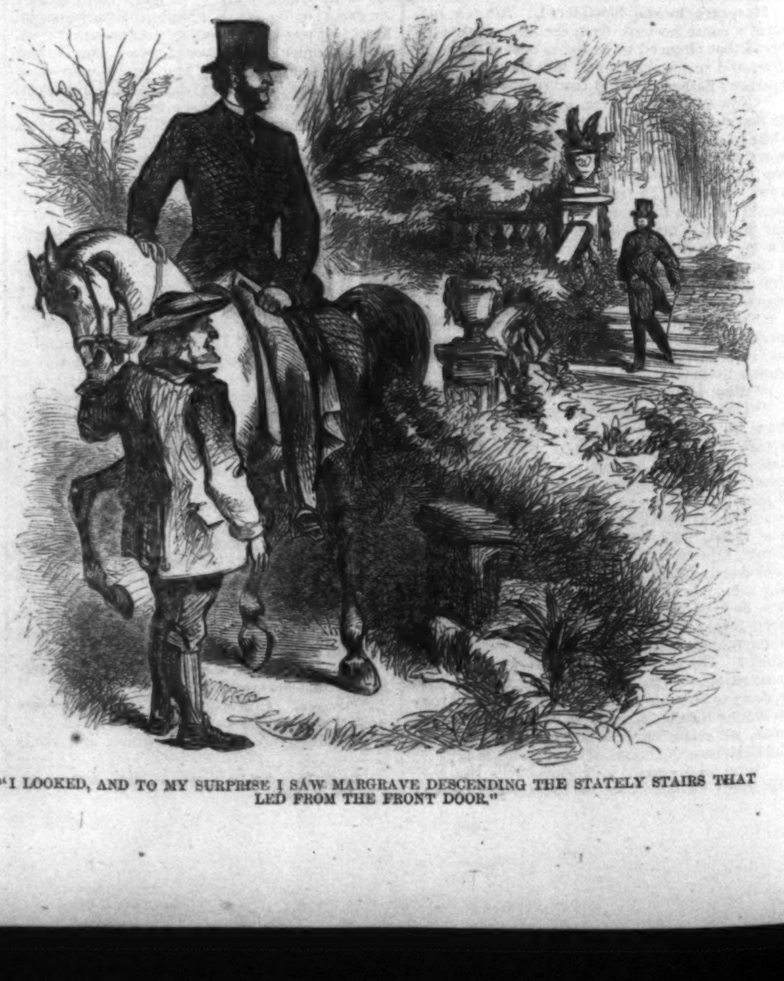
I moved to the window; it opened by a sash upon a large balcony, within which a wooden stair wound to a little garden, not visible in front of the house, surrounded by a thick grove of evergreens, through which one broad vista was cut; and that vista was closed by a view of the mausoleum.

I stepped out into the garden—a patch of sward with a fountain in the centre—and parterres, now more filled with weeds than flowers. At the left corner, a tall wooden summer-house or pavilion; its door open. "Oh, that's where Sir Philip used to study many a long summer's night," said the steward.

"What! in that damp summer-house?"

"It was a pretty place enough then, Sir; but it is very old. They say as old as the room you have just left."

"Indeed, I must look at it, then." The walls of this summer-house had once been painted in the arabesques of the Rennaissance period; but the figures now were scarcely traceable. The wood-work had started in some places, and the sunbeams stole through the chinks and played on the floor, which was formed from old tiles quaint-



"I LOOKED, AND TO MY SURPRISE I SAW MARGRAVE DESCENDING THE STATELY STAIRS THAT LED FROM THE FRONT DOOR."

ly tesselated and in triangular patterns, similar to those I had remarked in the chimney-piece. The room in the pavilion was large, furnished with old worm-eaten tables and settles.

"It was not only here that Sir Philip studied, but sometimes in the room above," said the steward.

"How do you get to the room above? Oh, I see; a staircase in the angle."

I ascended the stairs with some caution, for they were crooked and decayed; and on entering the room above, comprehended at once why Sir Philip had favored it. The walls were glazed all round, and on three sides commanded a magnificent prospect, for which I was wholly unprepared: the fourth side brought in full view the mausoleum, terminating the vista cut through the evergreens. In this room was a large telescope. A railed balcony extended from the windows, which reached the floors; and on stepping into the balcony, I saw that a winding stair led from the balcony to a platform on the top of the pavilion—perhaps once used as an observatory by Forman himself.

"The gentleman who was here to-day was very much pleased with this look-out, Sir," said the housekeeper.

"Who would not be?" said I. "I suppose Sir Philip has a taste for astronomy."

"I dare say, Sir," said the steward, looking grave; "he likes most out-of-the-way things."

The position of the sun now warned me that my time pressed, and I should have to ride fast to reach my new patient at the hour appointed. I therefore hastened back to my horse, and spurred on, wondering whether, in that chain of association which so subtly links our pursuits in manhood to our impressions in childhood, it was the Latin inscription on the chimney-piece that had originally biased Sir Philip Derval's literary taste toward the mystic jargon of the books I had glanced at.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I did not see Margrave the following day, but the next morning, a little after sunrise, he walked into my study, as was his ordinary habit.

"So you know something about Sir Philip Derval?" said I. "What sort of a man is he?"

"Hateful!" cried Margrave; and then checking himself, burst out into his merry laugh. "Just like my exaggerations! I am not acquainted with any thing to his prejudice. I came across his track once or twice in the East. Travelers are always apt to be jealous of each other."

"You are a strange compound of cynicism and credulity. But I should have fancied that you and Sir Philip would have been congenial spirits, when I found among his favorite books Van Helmont and Paracelsus. Perhaps you, too, study Swedenborg, or, worse still, Ptolemy and Lilly?"

"Astrologers? No! They deal with the future! I live for the day, only I wish the day never had a morrow!"

"Have you not, then, that vague desire for the something beyond; that not unhappy, but grand discontent with the limits of the immediate present, from which man takes his passion for improvement and progress, and from which some sentimental philosophers have deduced an argument in favor of his destined immortality?"

"Eh!" said Margrave, with as vacant a stare as that of a peasant whom one addressed in Hebrew. "What farrago of words is this? I do not comprehend you."

"With your natural abilities," I asked, with interest, "do you never feel a desire for fame?"

"Fame! Certainly not. I can not even understand it!"

"Well, then, would you have no pleasure in the thought that you had rendered a service to humanity?"

Margrave looked bewildered. After a moment's pause he took from the table a piece of bread that chanced to be there, opened the window, and threw the crumbs into the lane. The sparrows gathered round the crumbs.

"Now," said Margrave, "the sparrows come to that dull pavement for the bread that recruits their lives in this world; do you believe that one sparrow would be silly enough to fly to a housetop for the sake of some benefit to other sparrows, or to be chirruped about after he was dead? I care for science as the sparrow cares for bread; it may help me to something good for my own life, and as for fame and humanity, I care for them as the sparrow cares for the general interest and posthumous approbation of sparrows!"

"Margrave! there is one thing in you that perplexes me more than all else—human puzzle as you are—in your many eccentricities and self-contradictions."

"What is that one thing most perplexing?"

"This; that in your enjoyment of nature you have all the freshness of a child, but when you speak of man and his objects in the world you talk in the vein of some worn-out and hoary cynic. At such times, should I close my eyes, I should say to myself, 'What weary old man is venting his spleen against the ambition which has failed, and the love which has forsaken him?' Outwardly the very personation of youth, and reveling like a butterfly in the warmth of the sun and the tints of the herbage, how have you none of the golden passions of the young? their bright dreams of some impossible love—their sublime enthusiasm for some unattainable glory? The sentiment you have just clothed in your parable of the sparrows is too mean and too gloomy to be genuine at your age. Misanthropy is among the dismal fallacies of graybeards. No man, till man's energies leave him, can divorce himself from the bonds of our social kind."

"Our kind—your kind, possibly! But I—" He swept his hand over his brow, and resumed, in strange, absent, and wistful accents: "I wonder what it is that is wanting here, and of which at moments I have a dim reminiscence." Again he paused, and gazing on me, said, with more appearance of friendly interest than I had ever before remarked on his countenance, "You are not looking well. Despite your great physical strength, you suffer like your own sickly patients."

"True! I suffer at this moment, but not from bodily pain."

"You have some cause of mental disquietude."

"Who in this world has not?"

"I never have."

"Because you own you have never loved; and certainly you never seem to care for any one but yourself; and in yourself you find an unbroken sunny holiday—high spirits, youth, health, beauty, wealth. Happy boy!"

At that moment my heart was heavy within me.

Margrave resumed:

"Among the secrets which your knowledge places at the command of your art, what would you give for one which would enable you to defy and deride a rival where you place your affections, which could lock to yourself and imperiously control the will of the being whom you desire to fascinate by an influence paramount, transcendent?"

"Love has that secret," said I, "and love alone."

"A power stronger than love can suspend, can change, love itself. But if love be the object or dream of your life, love is the rosy associate of youth and beauty. Beauty soon fades, youth soon departs. What if in nature were means by which beauty and youth can be fixed into blooming duration—means that can arrest the course, nay, repair the effects, of time on the elements that make up the human frame!"

"Silly boy! Have the Rosencrucians bequeathed to you a prescription for the elixir of life?"

"If I had the prescription I should not ask your aid to discover its ingredients."

"And is it on the hope of that notable discovery you have studied chemistry, electricity, and magnetism? Again I say, Silly boy!"

Margrave did not heed my reply. His face was overcast, gloomy, troubled.

"That the vital principle is a gas," said he, abruptly, "I am fully convinced. Can that gas be the one which combines caloric with oxygen?"

"Phosoxygen? Sir Humphry Davy demonstrates it not to be caloric, as Lavoisier supposed, but light in combustion with oxygen, and he suggests, not indeed that it is the vital principle itself, but the pabulum of life to organic beings."*

"Does he?" said Margrave, his face clearing up. "Possibly, possibly then, here we approach the great secret of secrets. Look you, Allen Fenwick, I promise to secure to you unfailing security from all the jealous fears that now torture your heart; if you care for that fame which to me is not worth the scent of a flower, the balm of a breeze. I will impart to you a knowledge that, in the hands of ambition, would dwarf into commonplace the boasted wonders of recognized science. I will do all this, if, in return, but for one month you will give yourself up to my guidance in whatever experiments I ask, no matter how wild they may seem to you."

"My dear Margrave, I reject your bribes as I would reject the moon and the stars that a child might offer to me in exchange for a toy. But I may give the child its toy for nothing, and I may test your experiments for nothing some day when I have leisure."

I did not hear Margrave's answer, for at that moment my servant entered wth letters. Lilian's hand! Tremblingly, breathlessly, I broke the seal. Such a loving, bright, happy letter; so sweet in its gentle chiding of my wrongful fears. It was implied rather than said that Ashleigh Sumner had proposed, been refused, had left the house. Lilian and her mother were coming back; in a few days we should meet. In this letter were inclosed a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. She was more explicit as to my rival than Lilian had been. If no allusion to his attentions had been made to me before, it was from a delicate consideration for myself. Mrs. Ashleigh said that "the young man had heard from L—— of our engagement—disbelieved it;" but, as Mrs. Poyntz had so shrewdly predicted, hurried at once to the avowal of his own attachment, the offer of his own hand. On Lilian's refusal his pride had been deeply mortified. He had gone away manifestly in more anger than sorrow. Lady Delafield, dear Margaret Poyntz's aunt, had been most kind in trying to soothe Lady Haughton's disappointment, which was rudely expressed—so rudely, added Mrs. Ashleigh, "that it gives us an excuse to leave sooner than had been proposed, which I am very glad of. Lady Delafield feels much for Mr. Sumner; has invited him to visit her at a place she has near Worthing: she leaves to-morrow in order to receive him; promises to reconcile him to our rejection, which, as he was my poor Gilbert's heir, and was very friendly at first, would be a great relief to my mind. Lilian is well, and so happy at the thoughts of coming back."

When I lifted my eyes from these letters I was as a new man, and the earth seemed a new earth. I felt as if I *had* realized Margrave's idle dreams—that love could never chill, youth never fade.

"You care for no secrets of mine at this moment," said Margrave, abruptly.

"Secrets," I murmured; "none now are worth knowing. I am loved—I am loved."

"I bide my time," said Margrave; and as my eyes met his, I saw there a look I had never seen in those eyes before—sinister, wrathful, menacing. He turned away, went out through the sash door of the study; and as he passed toward the fields under the luxuriant chestnut-trees, I heard his musical, barbaric chant—the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent—sweet, so sweet, the very birds on the boughs hushed their carol as if to listen.

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* See Sir Humphry Davy on Heat, Light, and the Combinations of Light.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We continue our series of illustrations of the war in Kentucky with a picture of the Arrival of the Forty-Ninth Ohio at Louisville, Kentucky, on page 668; and another of General Sherman's Head-Quarters at Lebanon Junction, on the railroad south of Louisville, on page 667: both from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Henry Mosler.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus writes of the camp:

> The States of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois have sent many regiments and parts of regiments to the United States encampment south of this city, on the railroad. I have not been able to preserve any regular estimate of the number, having been absent part of the time. But I can scarcely be far wrong in saying that there are 12,000 to 15,000 men under command of General Sherman, including Home Guards. The force may exceed my estimate.

The reception of the Forty-Ninth Ohio at Louisville is thus described in the Louisville *Journal:*

> A detachment of Ohio troops, under the command of Colonel Gibson, passed through the city this morning on their way to the seat of war on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. They paraded our streets, and their appearance was warmly greeted by the Union men and women of Louisville. They paid their compliments to General Anderson at the Louisville Hotel, who appeared on the balcony, and, in a few feeling and eloquent remarks, thanked them for the compliment and welcomed them to Kentucky. He told them that they had come at a time when Kentucky needed their services, and that every true Kentuckian would properly and truly appreciate their motives in coming among us.
>
> The response of Colonel Gibson was most touching. He alluded to the gallant manner in which Kentucky had come to the rescue of the frontiers of Ohio in former days, and said that Ohio designs now to show that she has not forgotten those services, but was here with her blood to protect the constitutional rights of her neighbors.
>
> Both General Anderson and Colonel Gibson were warmly applauded at the conclusion of every sentence. The detachment took up the line of march for the Nashville dépôt, from which point they embarked for General Sherman's head-quarters.

OUR MAP OF KENTUCKY.

The southwestern portion of Kentucky and the western portion of Tennessee (of which we publish a Map on page 662) are mountainous; the middle regions are an elevated table-land, through which the rivers run in deep channels, with high precipitous banks. In Kentucky this table-land breaks abruptly at the head-waters of the Salt River and its tributary forks, which drain the plain westward to the Ohio River. The rise from this plain to the central table-land is about 200 feet, where the Louisville and Nashville Railroad ascends Muldraugh Hill. At this point is a railroad tunnel 1200 feet in length. The railroad bridge over Rolling Fork was burned by the rebels. The Union forces, however, gained possession of the summit, and now hold this strong natural position, which is the key to the fertile and wealthy region of Northern Kentucky.

The Union and Rebel camps are designated on the Map.

SKIRMISHING ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

An artist to whom we are indebted for many of the most interesting sketches we have published has sent us the picture which we reproduce on page 660. It represents a Skirmish with Cannon between the Advanced Posts across the Potomac, near Windsor. Here the cannon may be heard every day, and hardly a day passes without some dashing adventure on one side or the other. For the rest, the picture explains itself.

THE TREASURY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

In view of the great success of the popular loan just issued by Government, we illustrate on page 665 the Treasury Building at Washington, with vignettes of several of its important offices.

It is itself one of the most imposing and the largest buildings in the country. Its very appearance imparts solidity to the credit of the country. When one is beside it there seems to be no end to the long row of columns which stretch from Pennsylvania Avenue to a point parallel with the south side of Lafayette Square.

Our artist has shown us the Treasury Note at each stage. One picture introduces us to the clerks clipping the sheets of notes into the shape in which they reach the public; another exhibits the long rows of clerks who, by special act of Congress, are empowered to sign the notes; a third shows us a careful old gentleman counting the notes to see that none have disappeared in their travels through the building; and a fourth exhibits the note in its complete shape, with the last signature in the act of being affixed. Not less interesting than these are the vignettes which introduce us to the vault where the coin is kept, and to the office where it is weighed. Since the war began the Treasury at Washington has done quite a lively business in specie. Before the war nearly all the bullion of the Government was kept in the Sub-treasury in this city.

The portraits of our excellent Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, and of the United States Treasurer, General Spinner, of this State, will be recognized by all who know those officials.

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